Volume LXXXVII No. 20 February 23, 1968 30 cents

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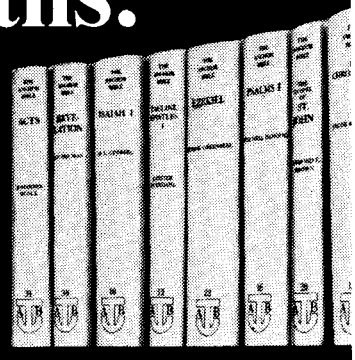

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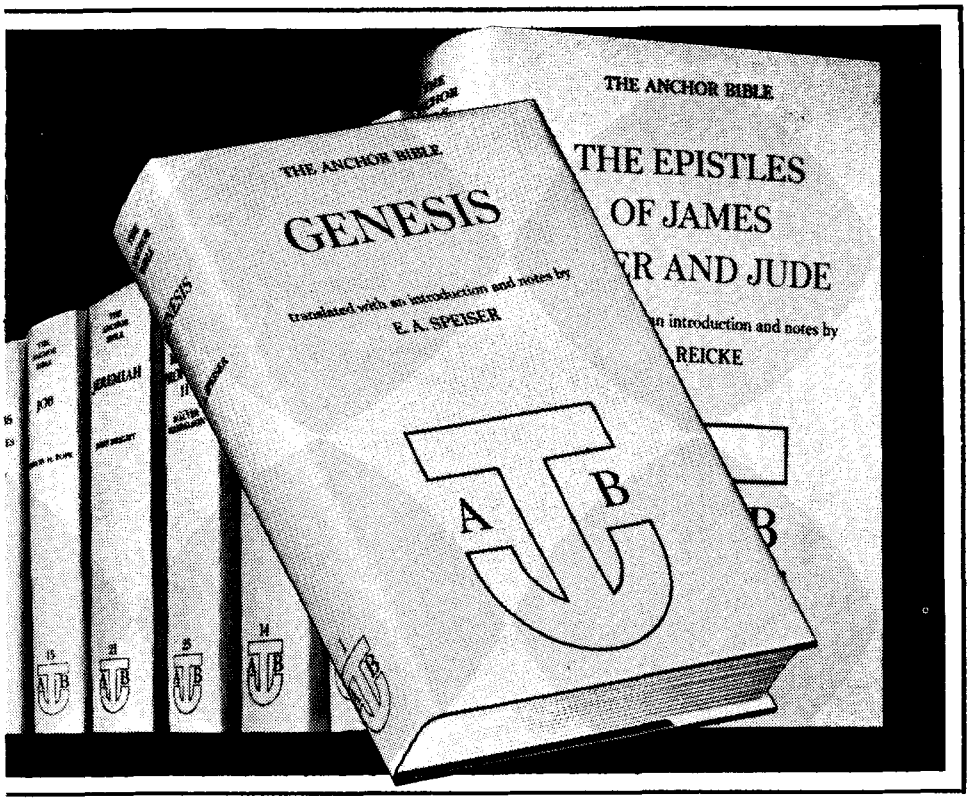

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The translation itself, presented in a clear, uncluttered, single-column format, with notes immediately following each section of biblical text, has received overwhelming praise. Millar Burrows, author of *The Dead Sea Scrolls,* commented: "The translation is illuminating and stimulating for any serious student of the Bible, and the more so because it is not a loose paraphrase but a close translation of the original."

In a letter to Dr. Speiser, shortly before publication, the noted critic and author Edmund Wilson praised the new volume as "much the best commentary [on GENESIS] I have seen." Edmund Wilson's opinion was strongly supported after publication by scholars of all major faiths. In Jerusalem, a professor of archaeology at the Hebrew University hailed GENESIS as "a masterpiece," while in the pages of *The Catholic Biblical Quarterly,* Ignatius Hunt, O.S.B., wrote: "The importance of this translation-commentary can hardly be overstressed . . . [It] shows every sign of perfect objectivity, wide reading, a first-rate and firsthand background in ancient Near Eastern studies, coupled with sound judgments on countless literary and religious problems." Now judge GENESIS yourself, by sending the coupon while the favorable Charter Subscription is still in effect.

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Among the most troubling of the questions posed in the volume recently published by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam, *In the Name of America:*

"What does a nation do to its soul when it trains it young men to engage in what becomes the indiscriminate slaughter of women, children, the aged and defenseless, when it teaches its soldiers to destroy crops and thereby hasten the malnutrition of already feeble children?

"What scars are left on the lives of those who are told it is fitting and proper for them to do such things? . . . Who in his late teens or early 20s can systematically destroy homes and crops, turn prisoners over to others for certain torture, kill children and yet escape morally unscathed? . . .

"What does it mean for the future of our country that those who return to civilian life will be those who have adjusted themselves to all kinds of brutality, those who will have learned to shoot first and question afterward. . .?

"What does it do to us as a nation to discover that to support American presence in Vietnam seems to support the violation of almost every canon of international law or moral restraint? . . ."

A consequence foreseen by Clergy and Laymen Concerned: an erosion of respect for and adherence to domestic law. The volume explains:

"We cannot morally condone one level of human activity in southeast Asia and then morally condemn the same level of human activity in North America. Ethics cannot be determined by geography, and breaking domestic law in Milwaukee can only be consistently condemned if breaking international law in Ben Suc is similarly condemned."

•

The style book newly issued by the Catholic Press Association advises that the term "Anglo-Catholic" be used "with caution"; that "non-Catholic" be scrapped "wherever possible"; and that "native clergy" be dropped altogether. "Excellency" becomes a title to be used "sparingly"; "diocesan clergy" is to be preferred to "secular clergy," and, of course, "Christmas" to "Xmas."

On that new phenomenon, the departing priest, the style book counsels: " 'Ex-priest' is an expression to avoid wherever possible. Do not say such a one 'attempted marriage with,' but say 'went through a marriage ceremony with,' if this is necessary."

•

A caution is out to parents of young readers on Hugh Lofting's *The Story of Dr. Dolittle*, currently enjoying a rebirth of popularity because of the movie version of Lofting's 1920 bestsellers for children.

Dr. Dewey W. Chambers of the University of Pacific in Stockton, Calif., attributes to Lofting's writing "a definite racial bias," and counsels wariness to teachers, librarians and devotees of children's books who would promote Dr. Dolittle reading.

The film excises racial bias from the Dolittle yarns, Chambers concedes, but he stresses that over-all *The Story of Dr. Dolittle* remains "nakedly racist." Its message, he states, is "that being white is definitely an advantage over being black, and that Africans . . . are stupid, unaware, and are present only to be taken advantage of."

Chambers cites the fate of Prince Bumbo, the Dr. Dolittle book's "Black Prince." He is the cruelest of stereotypes, says Chambers: "fat, thick-lipped, loin-cloth-wearing, and on the whole a most unattractive fellow." In addition, he's a dreamer and is given to reading fairy tales. Here the racial complication enters:

"Prince Bumbo has fallen in love with the heroines of the fairy tales and wants to marry one of them. The fair princess, who was asleep, awakens, screams, and declares that she could never love anyone who is black . . . and runs away. Prince Bumbo is beside himself with grief, and despair of his natural coloring." . . . Dr. Dolittle to the rescue; he agrees to try to change the color of Prince Bumbo's skin and "covers the Black Prince with some white ointment to fool him."

Chambers does not argue for suppression of *The Story of Dr. Dolittle,* but advises that any pedagogic use of it place the book in historical perspective, to help children "know that times and human behavior change"—or manners in writing at least.

Chambers' comments are contained in an article in *Elementary English,* publication of the National Council of Teachers of English.

•

The controversy at Seton Hall University over the mandatory program of ROTC (military) training for freshmen male students has at last been settled. Beginning in September, the program will be voluntary.

The issue thus has been resolved along lines predictable months ago, when student and faculty groups began pressuring for voluntary rather than mandatory ROTC. The only surprise is that the decision to change was so slow in coming. (Seton Hall's president is Bishop John J. Dougherty, chairman of the U.S. Bishops' Committee on World Justice and Peace and a signer of the Negotiation Now! resolution on Vietnam.)

But all is not sweetness and light yet at Seton Hall. There is much upset among faculty members over the university's providing of meeting rooms recently to a faction of the Essex County Democratic Party for a partisan political caucus. Faculty Senate chairman Joseph Skehan has lodged a protest.

•

Odds and Ends:

Father M. A. O'Connor of Philadelphia, in commenting in the January issue of *The Priest* on the new Dutch Catechism: "I won't suggest burning the Catechism—just the authors."

I. F. Stone, in commenting in his biweekly newsletter on U.S. policy in Asia: "We're like a drunken sailor being steered to clip joints by Oriental sharpies."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Shannon's Vietnam

Swansea, Mass.

To the Editors: In contrast to his previous articles on Vietnam, William Shannon's statements in the Jan. 26 issue astonished me. He says Johnson has consistently been willing to make peace through a compromise settlement: the Communists have their half of the country and the non-Communists would have their half. Shannon says in Johnson's view the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong are not separable entities. Apparently, however, in Johnson's and Shannon's view the country is separable—despite the Geneva accords. Thus, the *compromise* is a U.S. settlement, not Vietnamese. Duplicity indeed. Surely history shows that the division of Germany and Korea was due to the Communists' refusal to participate in an election process throughout those lands. In Vietnam the shoe is on the U.S. foot. We installed Diem and got him to refuse to participate in elections . . .

What sophistry to equate the destruction of South and North Vietnam by foreign, American forces with that of Ho and the Communists. Is the U.S. visiting on this little country the "ordeal of modernization" or are we rather bombing south and north back to the stone age?

I should like Mr. Shannon to ponder this. Had he been British in 1864, would he have supported British military and naval intervention on behalf of the Confederacy so that the Unionists could have their half of the country and the Confederates have their half? All in the name of King Cotton? After all, isn't this the compromise Johnson wants for Vietnam? All in the name of anti-Communism. ALBERT SUNDERLAND JR.

Wurtsmith AFB, Mich.

To the Editors: My thanks to William Shannon for his article "Strategy and Morality" (Jan. 26) and to the editors of *Commonweal* for printing it. You will no doubt receive indignant letters from people who thought they could read your

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016
MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1968 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.*
US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11.

THE REPUBLICAN CHOICE

If the Republican party were the majority party in the United States, or even close to it, everyone agrees that Richard Nixon would be his party's candidate for President in 1968 and that he would almost as certainly be elected. Not even Mr. Nixon's enemies deny that he is, win, lose or draw in New Hampshire, the first choice of GOP convention delegates; millions of other Americans might be unwilling to buy a used car from him, but Republican stalwarts like him. The GOP is not the majority party, however—far from it—and there's the rub, for it and Mr. Nixon. Any Republican candidate for national office must attract substantial support from independents and disaffected Democrats to win, and of all the Republican candidates, declared and undeclared, Richard Nixon is the one most unlikely to pick up such votes. For GOP delegates to the convention, therefore, the question becomes: granted that they like Richard Nixon best, do they like him well enough to risk losing another election with him? That is the issue Republicans now confront.

Exactly what role former President Eisenhower visualizes for himself in GOP efforts to pick a candidate is not clear. We have Mr. Nixon's testimony that Ike is a far more "complex and devious" person than the public realizes —in the best sense of those words, Mr. Nixon hastened to add. This insight by Mr. Nixon into the personality and character of his late commander-in-chief makes Ike's recent comments on the next election highly significant. Could there be a Republican peace candidate? This is a prospect calculated to give LBJ sleepless nights, and the strength of GOP hopefuls like Percy and Romney and perhaps Rockefeller vis-à-vis Nixon depends heavily on two things: a newer, less familiar face and the more or less explicit promise of some flexibility on the Vietnam issue. But on this point Mr. Eisenhower said: "I don't regard myself as a missionary and I don't want to convert anybody, but if any Republican or Democrat suggests that we pull out of

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Vietnam and turn our backs on the more than 13,000 Americans who died in the cause of freedom there, they will have me to contend with. That's one of the things that would start me off on a series of stump speeches across the nation."

A peace candidate, then, Republican or Democratic, will have General Eisenhower against him—an important factor in view of those millions for whom liking Ike is an unquestioned tenet of the national religion. Mr. Eisenhower's position in this matter is, of course, an odd one for a man whose pledge to go to Korea may well have won him the Presidency, but politics is probably not the place to look for consistency. Consistent or not, the Eisenhower threat is bound to have an inhibiting effect on the choice of candidates for 1968, and it is hard to see how it helps any Democrat except LBJ and, more particularly, any Republican except Richard Nixon, long a card-carrying hawk, and perhaps Ronald Reagan.

That's one side of the coin, and in the light of Reagan's recent sharp drop in the polls and Gen. Eisenhower's suggestion that Romney was a man "in a panic" and hence unsuitable, Richard Nixon may well win his party's nomination. But winning the election is something else again, especially if Lyndon Johnson puts on his Commander-in-Chief hat for the campaign, and Republican professionals must sometimes face this fact, if only in the dark of the night. A recent Harris poll shows President Johnson once again moving up on the popularity scale, but an earlier fifty-state N.Y. *Times* poll of GOP leaders and experts about possible candidates revealed their conviction that Governor Rockefeller and only Governor Rockefeller could beat President Johnson, with the N.Y. Governor winning in their calculations by an estimated 378 electoral votes to 100 for Mr. Johnson—a result that was achieved, it should be noted, in spite of the fact that Rockefeller's support of Romney is keeping him from entering any primaries, even the potentially crucial one in Oregon. In the public opinion polls, Rockefeller also clearly outpaces all other GOP candidates, even without criticizing LBJ on the Vietnam war. If Mr. Rockefeller were the candidate and then followed Ike's lead on Korea, urging a new look and quick settlement in Vietnam, the 1968 election could give the Republicans the biggest electoral vote landslide since Roosevelt buried Landon.

For GOP delegates, the hard fact that has to be faced, then, is that Nixon still looks like a loser and Rockefeller like a winner. With the New Hampshire primary almost upon us and the nominating convention only months away, with Reagan in decline and with most commentators agreed that Nixon will swamp Romney, the central issue for the delegates becomes clear: Does the GOP want to lose with Nixon or win with Rockefeller or some other serious peace candidate? Or, to put it another way, is the GOP still plagued by the same death urge that drove the party to destruction with Barry Goldwater in 1964?

CIDOC AND SERENDIPITY

A year after Msgr. Ivan Illich's broadside charging that American Catholic missionaries, knowingly or not, become agents of U.S. political and economic interests in Latin America and ultimately do more harm than good, the work and the institute that helped lead Msgr. Illich to his controversial conclusion—the Center of Inter-Cultural Documentation (CIDOC) in Cuernavaca, Mexico—appear measurably strengthened by the denunciations and reprisals of churchmen that followed publication of the charges. This is good news.

Cardinal Cushing's precipitous withdrawal of support (including money due on scholarships given in his name and on which he had promised payment) . . .; Rome's frustration of the willingness of two bishops to relieve the financial burdens of CIDOC . . .; the discouraging of religious superiors from sending missionaries for courses at CIDOC by papal nuncios in at least three Latin American countries—actions such as these have caused serious financial problems for CIDOC. But they have been problems of an advantageous sort, for they have forced CIDOC to confront the matter of self-sufficiency and seek an operational basis that frees it from the vagaries of individuals and systems. CIDOC has not found all the answers for its financial problems, but it is managing—through tuition fees to its seminars and language classes and subscriptions to its documentation dossiers.

A second beneficial effect of last year's controversy has been to clarify the essential nature of the organization. CIDOC was not, as North American and European Catholics tended to idealize, a formal Catholic agency; nor was it, as many Latin Americans inclined to suspect, an undercover agency of the Church; nor was it, as some interfaith people liked to think, an ecumenical enterprise.

NEXT WEEK

James Critchlow writes in the March 1 *Commonweal* about the Moscow literary trials and the Soviet New Left:

"Moscow is not the only arena. Last year several dozen writers, professors and students in Leningrad . . . are said to have been accused of having illegal arms and of complicity in an underground organization which extended as far as the Ukraine and the Ural city of Sverdlovsk."

Paul Jacobs, author of the recently published *Prelude to Riot*, reports on a meeting between black leaders of Watts and Ephraim Evron, Israel's minister to the U.S.:

" 'Let me tell you something about those liberal Jews in Los Angeles,' one of the men says to Evron. 'When the Jews had the big rally here for Israel, who did they get for the main speaker? Reagan, that's who they got! . . . And you wonder why we don't like the Jews.' "

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The controversy succeeded at last in defining CIDOC to the public as a private, independent, non-denominational organization of scholars, humanist in commitment, and engaged in the documentation and analysis of socio-cultural phenomena in Latin America.

The recognition of this status is one which officials have long considered vital to the success of CIDOC in continuing to provide educational opportunities to persons interested in understanding the intimate reactions of man to social change in Latin America, particularly among those destined to collaborate in that social change. Curiously it comes closest to realization as the result of churchmen seeking the suppression of CIDOC. Condemnation once again has its rewards.

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MONICA BALDWIN REVISITED

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL

Twenty-five years ago, Monica Baldwin left the convent where she had been a nun for many years. *I Leap Over the Wall,* describing these experiences, became a best-seller. From all over the world people still write to her about it; the author gave up counting the letters once they had passed the 2,000 mark. Since then, she has published a novel about a nun who discovers that she has no vocation, and a travel book. She now believes that the moment has come for her to admit that she made a mistake ever to leave her convent. For 28 years she had lived the life of an enclosed nun, and now she is convinced that she should have stayed on. She would like as many people to know this as possible.

Monica Baldwin was brought up as a High Anglican, but became a Catholic at the age of 17. One of her earliest memories is of being taken as a child to see Queen Victoria drive through Hyde Park. Later, as a girl, she remembers being forbidden to read H. G. Wells's *Ann Veronica.* Today she lives alone near the borders of the New Forest, where she is writing what she describes as her swan-song. This will be cast in the form of autobiography. She holds strong views on factory-farming, famine relief, and the wishy-washy politics of the British Labour Party as personified in Brown and Wilson. Recently she has been giving talks about prayer as a means to Church Unity to local groups that include Rotarians, Methodists, the Salvation Army and the Mothers' Union of the Church of England.

When I met Monica Baldwin recently, she had just returned from the Stanley Baldwin centenary celebrations in Worcestershire. Over the weekend she had read Charles Davis' new book, *A Question of Conscience,* in which he gives his reasons for leaving the priesthood and renouncing the Catholic faith. But before we discussed it, I asked her what it felt like when she first came out into the world again in 1942.

"My standards were all pre-1914," she began. "In fact I'd only been a nun a few months when Belgium was invaded. The religious order to which I belonged was an off-shoot of that in which Thomas à Kempis had made his profession as a Canon Regular in 1387. Scarcely anything had changed. We wore almost the same habits as had been contrived by thoroughgoing ascetics of the fourteenth century. In my first year, I recall that now and again the Reverend Mother would summon a member of the community to tell her that a relation had either been wounded or reported missing at the front, but during the whole course of World War I don't think I saw a single newspaper. The hardest thing when the doors were finally opened and I walked out, was learning to adapt to an entirely new set of circumstances. Before I'd entered, I doubt if I'd used the telephone a dozen times. I'd even forgotten the value of money. Gandhi, Woolworth, Greta Garbo—they were all new names to me. Phrases like 'Lend-lease' or 'strip-tease' I'd never heard of. But shall I tell you what was the most difficult thing of all? It was learning to deal with my own interior attitude. You must realize, for the best part of my 20s, 30s and 40s I'd lived with my outside turned inwards. Now, swiftly and irrevocably, I had, as it were, to reverse the engines and begin to live with my inside turned out."

"You said that you thought you made a mistake to leave your convent."

"I do—though for 23 years I was not sure about it. When I made my final profession of vows in 1918, I did honestly believe that I had given myself, body and soul, to God for ever. It was sheer blindness, induced by a long period of self-will and spiritual infidelities, that caused me to come out in 1942. I've become increasingly certain of this. Indeed my eyes are only too wide open now."

"When did you first become aware of this?"

"About two years ago God somehow made it clear to me. I had an operation for cataract, and I think the equivalent happened to my soul. The two weren't connected —though perhaps there's an analogy between them."

"But if you once thought that you were right to leave, and now think that you were wrong, can you put your finger on what made you change your mind?"

"I can only say that one day I awoke and found that the scales had fallen from my eyes. I left in 1942 because I had never really understood the true nature of religious obedience. In *I Leap Over the Wall,* I suggested that I

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left because I was a square peg in a round hole. But I deceived myself, I now realize. Obedience was my stumbling block. If I had understood that, I'd have stayed on. In my novel *The Called and the Chosen,* I make one of my characters say that in a nun's life the time for choice is during the noviceship. When you take your final vows, you make a total gift of yourself to God. It is pretty shabby behavior to take it back when things get hard. The vows are like marriage vows, for richer or poorer, for better or worse. Everything that happens to you afterwards—whether it is good or bad, martyrdom or even insanity—is all part of God's will for you. If you accept his will, faithfully and generously, it can only sanctify you."

"Do you remember in Charles Davis' book that at one place he remarks that if he had stayed in the Church, he would have had a mental breakdown? Is that a point of view which you can appreciate?"

"Indeed yes. I know well what isolation of the spirit can mean in a religious community. Sometimes almost, a persecution by the good of the not so good. That's a hard thing to bear. But though Charles Davis's book struck me as honest—so far as his tortured mind allowed him to see the truth when he wrote—the picture that emerges is far too black. What so struck me as I read was that both he and I had failed for similar reasons. We were neither of us sufficiently clamped onto God by prayer. Did you notice that he doesn't once mention the word prayer in his book? I am convinced that in his case, as in mine, the cause of the trouble was failure to guard the citadel in the early stages. The enemy gets a foothold. When the big attack comes, you are swept away. You've got to have enough faith to hold on and let God lead you to the precipice—or even over it if necessary. That's what I should have understood 25 years ago. Through the vows of religion, a religious offers herself to God and it's as near death as she can go without dying. Prayer is the language that gets you to God. Many of the letters I receive are from people who've told me they're discouraged by the seeming uselessness of prayer."

"You yourself described your last book, Goose Over the Jungle, *as a flight round the world with digressions. In one of these digressions, you refer to the American writer, J. D. Salinger."*

"I know. I brought him in because he's a novelist with a deeply spiritual vision. After I'd left the convent and made a bit of money from writing, I wanted to broaden my mind by traveling. That's how my last book came into being. But the best travel always leads to your own interior. When I was sitting in a graveyard in New Zealand, I suddenly remembered reading *Franny and Zooey.* I remembered how Franny went about saying the Jesus Prayer, which originated in the parable of the pharisee and the publican. The publican addresses his invocation to God the Father, but Franny addresses hers to God the Son—'Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me, a sinner.' That's the pearl which I brought back with me from my travels round the world."

"To come back to Charles Davis, how do you think his crisis compares with the frustrations and disappointments of Teilhard de Chardin, whom he mentions in his book?"

"Yes, Charles Davis does say that Père Teilhard was a man who obeyed unreservedly. I've always loved his own saying—'I'm a Jesuit and I'll obey.' But Charles Davis in *A Question of Conscience* takes too narrow a view of the humiliations, misunderstandings and suppressions that Père Teilhard had to contend with. It requires a strong will to give up your own will—although that's really what the religious vow of obedience is about. Every time you hold back a bit of yourself, the mist between you and God thickens. A darkness comes down and you can't see what you saw in the beginning. Somehow faith, love and loyalty have to carry you through this period. Do you know the passage where Père Teilhard speaks of a man who sees a light shining through the mist and finds it impossible to reach Christ except by plunging into it? Well perhaps that mist is the crisis through which the Church is passing today." NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

(Neville Braybrooke is a well known writer living in Hampstead, England.)

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

VIET CONG ESCALATION

The Viet Cong raids in the South Vietnamese cities may mark a major turn in the war. The raids should have been foreseen and their effect discounted in advance, but instead many people have reacted as if they were startling, unprecedented or incredible events.

It has actually been a minor mystery why the Viet Cong have not done more in the past several years to disrupt the life of the Vietnamese cities. Three reasons, two negative and one positive, suggest themselves for the Communist passivity. On the negative side, the Communists have not wanted to incur the heavy losses among their best troops that were bound to occur in such near-suicidal attacks and they have not wanted to risk the exposure of their intelligence underground. On the positive side, the Communists may have delayed until they hoped their raids would have the maximum psychological and political effect.

Their sense of timing has paid off almost as well as

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they could have hoped. In this country, those who have developed an intellectual proprietary interest in an American defeat naturally pointed to the raids as fresh proof that all is lost in Vietnam. Even worse, many who have been uncertain or taken a moderate position on the war have likewise given way to despair.

Yet surely no one thought the Viet Cong would accept defeat without making a desperate thrust at the cities. And surely everyone can recognize that any city is a delicate social organism, much easier to disrupt than to keep running smoothly. A city such as Saigon, with 3,000,000 people, needs daily food supplies, needs police and fire protection and sanitary service, needs hospitals and schools and radio stations and airports kept open. As President Johnson pointed out in a press conference shortly after the raids began, a comparative handful of armed men can easily seize an airport or any other facility and hold it for a few hours or a few days. It is militarily impossible to prevent Viet Cong troops clad in civilian clothes and moving in ones and twos from infiltrating a city.

The raids provide no basis for panic or despair; they represent no fundamental change in the balance of forces in Vietnam. It has always been clear that this is a war of attrition and that less than three years is not enough time to win it. We must be patient and stoical, not fluttering foolishly with every enemy thrust and parry. We can recall that "dark December" when thousands of disguised German troops infiltrated American lines and inflicted a sharp but temporary defeat in Christmas, 1944. Or we can recall the bleak days of November-December 1950 when the Chinese armies entered the war in Korea and swept all before them. There were voices in Congress and in the press then, too, gloomily forecasting that U.S. troops would be pushed entirely off the peninsula of Korea and suggesting that we resign ourselves to its abandonment. How, they asked, could we defeat these numberless Chinese hordes? But American troops were not driven off the peninsula and fought their way back to the 38th parallel. In retrospect, it could even be argued that if we made any mistake in Korea, it was in beginning truce talks with the Communists too soon and ending the war when our power was just beginning to make the Chinese hurt.

Be that as it may, the U.S. today is in a strong position militarily in South Vietnam and is not likely to be defeated on the ground or in the air. The Communists understand this well, which is why they are attempting to wear down our political will. What they accomplished against the French in 1953-54 they hope to duplicate against the Americans in 1968-69. There is no reason for us to concede them this political triumph. Would that the courage of the Marines who fight bravely from house to house in the streets of Hue and Saigon were matched by a comparable calmness and confidence here at home. Fortunately, President Johnson has stood firm and so have millions of ordinary Americans throughout the United States.

The critics of the war include many people with pure motives and high moral standards, but they have inevitably become so preoccupied with proving that the United States is deficient by their standards, they have no time left to judge the Viet Cong. An ironist could find much sardonic amusement in this—perhaps unconscious?—use of a double standard. Thus, the final touches of the Viet Cong raids on the South Vietnamese cities were prepared during the traditional Tet truce. How many critics of the war have condemned this duplicity? The raids themselves were an escalation of the war just as much as any extension of U.S. bombing targets. How many critics have denounced this Communist escalation? When the raids began, diplomatic soundings were still being taken about possible negotiations. How many critics have deplored this Communist resort to fresh violence at what could have been a crucial diplomatic moment? The raids brought death and violence to previously tranquil, secure city neighborhoods. How many critics have denounced the Communists for recklessly endangering the lives of civilians and creating thousands of new refugees as well?

"Corruption" has meanwhile joined the list of reasons advanced against the war. Critics contend that if the South Vietnamese government does not meet their ethical standards, the U.S. should regard this as sufficient reason for quitting the war. Such an argument is so frivolous as to cast doubt on the judgment of those who advance it. It is an argument that goes to secondary effects rather than to primary causes. A great nation cannot abandon a serious enterprise merely because its clients and allies are afflicted with grafting contractors and politicians.

Corruption is endemic in almost every human society except perhaps Scandinavia, Britain and the United States. (Indeed, on other days and in other contexts, radical critics of the war argue that corruption is endemic in American political and business society.) Graft, favoritism and the enrichment of generals are not necessarily inconsistent with great accomplishments, as witness Elizabethan England, or the England of the first Duke of Marlborough or of Burke and Clive.

It can also be observed that there are two kinds of corruption, that of bourgeois societies where what is wanted is only money and that of totalitarian societies where what is wanted is total control of men's minds and of all human institutions.

But these general observations aside, corruption is to some extent a drag on the successful prosecution of the war. I have no objection to the neo-imperialist crackdown on the Saigon government that some critics are now advocating. Governments have been made and unmade in Saigon before. If it would materially help the war effort, doubtless they could be made and unmade again.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

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TENNESSEE WILLIAMS AND THE DEATH OF GOD

Radical immanentism represents belief and experience

FRANCIS L. KUNKEL

Chicken, the protagonist in Tennessee Williams' current Broadway play, "Kingdom of Earth," cannot make up his mind about God. First, referring to the sound of the flooding river swelling "to a muted lionlike roar," he says, "If God had a voice that's the way it would sound." Later, referring to the rumor that a neighbor who lives above him is preparing to dynamite his south-bank levee to save his north-bank levee with the strong possibility that the action will deluge Chicken's homestead, he says, "Mr. Sikes is like God, he's got more to think about than people below him." Without being aware of it, Chicken is trembling between two delicate theological conditions: anthropomorphism and anthropocentricism.

"All poets look for God," declares Mrs. Venable, a character in "Suddenly Last Summer." Perhaps, but few look as strenuously as Tennessee Williams, and like most fiction writers he conducts his search through his characters. Beginning with Chicken and going back to Alma Winemiller, his earliest searcher for the Supreme Ruler, there is a consensus, if little orthodoxy, among his characters on the subject. Alma, a minister's daughter in "Summer and Smoke," confuses the Almighty with a box of morphine tablets. "The prescription number is 96814. I think of it as the telephone number of God." In the whole Williams' canon, "Camino Real" best illustrates this general agreement of opinion—despite an occasional surface disparity—on the present state of God. For the Survivor, God is a moron. "When Peeto [a pony] was 1-year-old he was wiser than God." The Gypsy thinks of Him as a super-scientist. "We're all of us guinea pigs in the laboratory of God." In Esmeralda's eyes, the world has administered a sedative to God. "There has been so much of the Mumbo Jumbo it's put Him to sleep." In the view of Kilroy, the Divine Creator has become an object of compassion. "I pity the world and I pity the God who made it."

In "Suddenly Last Summer," God is put down even further. Sebastian, the sybaritic poet, evolves a terrible, cruel image of God. He finds Him, for the first time, at the moment he observes, from the crow's nest of a schooner off the Galapagos Islands, the spectacle of thousands of carnivorous birds devouring thousands of just hatched sea-turtles. When he came back down the rigging, his mother, Mrs. Venable, reported that he said, " 'Well now I've seen Him!'—and he meant God." His cousin Catharine Holly, expresses her confusion about God by repeating E.A. Robinson's well known metaphor. "We're all of us children in a vast kindergarten trying to spell God's name with the wrong alphabet blocks." The simile employed by the author in describing an action of Mrs. Venable, exposing as it does her invincible complacency as well as her confused notion of transsubstantiation, is less tell-tale about the contemporary human condition in relation to God. Reverently approaching a copy of her dead son's vanity-published poetry, "she lifts a thin gilt-edged volume from the patio table as if elevating the Host before the altar."

Boss Finley, the loathsome Southern demagogue in "Sweet Bird of Youth," frequently has delusions about his own divinity. Alluding to his having been hanged in effigy on Good Friday, he boasts: "I saw that was Good Friday. Today is Easter Sunday and I am in St. Cloud." On other occasions, when modesty is more profitable, he is content to proclaim himself a prophet. "When I was 15, I came down barefooted out of the red clay hills . . .

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Why? Because the Voice of God called to me to execute this mission." The Heckler, his prime antagonist, far from being on such intimate terms with God, announces that God is incommunicado. "I believe that the silence of God, the absolute speechlessness of Him is a long, long and awful thing that the whole world is lost because of. I think it's yet to be broken to any man, living or any yet lived on earth,—no exceptions, and least of all Boss Finley."

Heresy and Fornication

In "The Night of the Iguana," the personal idea of God held by the Rev. T. Lawrence Shannon, a minister locked out of his church for heresy and fornication, is a kind of muddled pantheism. "I want to go back to the Church and preach the gospel of God as Lightning and Thunder . . . and also stray dogs vivisected and . . . and . . ." A very different idea of God is subscribed to by his congregation. He shouts at them from the pulpit: "All your Western theologies . . . are based on the concept of God as a *senile delinquent* and, by God, I will not and cannot continue to conduct services in praise and worship of this." Hannah Jelkes, his spinster companion, is unsure about God. He is vaguely associated with the white light she finally perceives "at the end of a long black tunnel"—the image she uses to describe her agonizing journey through life.

"The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore" is intended to be an allegory on man's need for someone or something to mean God to him. Christopher Flanders' self-appointed destiny is to mean God to elderly ladies of wealth on the brink of death, just as certain carved rocks on the Easter Islands meant God to the inhabitants. The magnificent, moribund Flora Goforth, accustomed to having her every whim instantly catered to, commands Chris: "Well, *bring* Him, I'm ready to lay out a red carpet for Him, but how do you bring Him? Whistle? Ring a bell for Him?" But this imperious attitude is more suitable for summoning a cow on the streets of Bombay; and so when God, in the face of the fiercely ringing bell, remains silent, persevering in "the absolute speechlessness" imputed to Him by the Heckler, you cannot really blame Him.

In "The Gnädiges Fräulein," a one-acter, God is a superannuated caretaker—long since pensioned off for his services to babies and drunks—for the title character. The zany, pathetic Fräulein, in this pop art play, competes with Cockaloony birds for thrown-away fish at the Key West docks. The occupation is hazardous: her eyes are gouged out by the Cockaloonies who resent non-union help. Still she perseveres and, though blind, miraculously manages to catch a fish on one occasion. "It just landed in my jaws like God had thrown it to me." The play is not a sick joke: it implies that God, not without His own survival problems in a world that is frightfully out of joint, looks out as best He can—often little that it is—for those who endure against terrible odds.

Immanence is the common denominator in all of these only ostensibly diverse views of God. The traditional belief in a transcendent being called God—a God beyond human experience who reveals Himself to man—has no appeal to Williams' characters. Foreign to them is the orthodox commitment to the transcendent God made known in His Son, Jesus Christ. This heresy is the keystone of the new prominent "death of God" theology. The "death of God" is certainly the most dramatic and provocative way of expressing God's displacement or effacement in our postmodern age. As early as 1802, the slogan was employed by Hegel. And at the end of the nineteenth century, Nietzche embodied the cry, "God is dead," in a myth. "God remains dead. And we have killed him. How shall we, the murderers of all murderers, comfort ourselves? What was holiest and most powerful of all that the world has yet owned has bled to death under our knives." Despite this obituary notice, the phenomenon did not become a popular concern until the publication of Gabriel Vahanian's book, *The Death of God,* in 1961.

This mood—variously formulated as the absence, death, disappearance, eclipse, irrelevance, or silence of God—finds its most eloquent expression in modern literature. And Tennessee Williams is on the board of trustees of the "God is dead" school of literary writers. We have already seen how God is "experienced" by his characters. And even though breathed-into-life characters have a being of their own so that a playwright cannot be charged with believing everything they do and say, still the presumption here is that they do speak for their creator. For as Mrs. Venable remarks: "A poet's life is his work and his work is his life." Besides the frequency with which this radical immanentism turns up in Williams' drama suggests that it represents his own belief and experience. It throbs with his sense of reality; it is far from a theatrical pose.

Williams inability to grasp the possibility of the world being grounded in a transcendent Presence and his reliance on secular values as a source of moral action and religious belief probably explain, in part at least, why his literature is a literature of decadence. By decadence I mean the ambivalence of attraction and repulsion; the nexus of opposites, the convertibility of extremes; an upside-downness, an inside-outness—as well as other forms of inversion. This distorting mirror world of Williams exhibits the following traits: the Creator is equated with the lowliest of created things; innocence is equated with evil; life is equated with death; the soul is equated with the body.

The first characteristic of Williams' decadence was implicit in the foregoing survey. God, the erstwhile Creator of the world, is represented as having lapsed into degeneracy and impotency in "Camino Real." God is seen as

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Joyce's aloof deity unconcernedly paring his finger nails in "Sweet Bird of Youth." Williams' concept of God is Deistic in these two plays. They represent his sole concession to a time-honored concept of God: God is where we come from and where we go, but He is not involved in the world in any meaningful way. In "Suddenly Last Summer," "The Night of the Iguana," and "Kingdom of Earth," God is viewed as a composite of many destructive forces in nature and as indifferent to suffering. For example, the Rev. Shannon cuts the iguana loose with a machete "so it can run back to its bushes because God won't do it and we are going to play God here." "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore" and "The Gnädiges Fräulein" modify the latter point by portraying God as a whimsical Consoler: He withholds consolation from old ladies who are dying, but he bestows trifles upon victims of Cockaloony birds.

The second characteristic of Williams' decadence is related to the first. If God is a passive, crotchety, irresponsible being, Christ fares no better: He is an object of derision. Williams has delineated four Christ figures: Val Xavier ("Orpheus Descending"), Chance Wayne ("Sweet

Bird of Youth"), Shannon and Christopher Flanders. All four are fallen, somewhat unlovely characters: prudish libertines with an air of nobility. These attractive vagabonds lead lives which display an ironic parallel with Christ's. Easter is the time setting for two of the plays. Val is burned alive on Holy Saturday; Chance is mutilated on Easter Sunday. The redemptive pattern of Easter is suggested in the transformation that the two undergo at the end of their respective plays. They both shun opportunities to escape from their tormentors and voluntarily submit to destruction for what they envision as a greater good. Shannon indulges himself in a voluptuous Passion Play performance: forcibly trussed up in a hammock he twists and groans and imagines himself suffering for the guilt of the world. Christopher stars in an equally voluptuous temptation-of-Christ drama: he is tempted on a mountain-top by the Satanic Vera and made the target of a seduction by the neo-Magdalenic Flora. Vera promises to promote him as an artist and lay the wealth and social aristocracy of Capri at his feet; Flora taunts him with "Can you walk on water?"

There is much more to show that Williams intended Val Xavier, Chance Wayne, the Rev. Shannon and Chris Flanders to be pseudonyms of Christ, but full documentation of all the ironic parallels is beyond the scope of this essay. More important is the fact that Williams' vision of the Christus is unacceptable to most playgoers, not simply because there is too much narcissism, too much pagan Apollo in these impersonators; but this vision would make the gigolo, the world's most despicable professional lover, interchangeable with Christ, the world's most pure amateur lover.

The third characteristic of Williams' decadence can be illustrated by Shannon's apotheosis of suicide. Shannon uses the threat of suicide—"the long swim to China"—as a means to power, as a way of controlling those around him. And he also deludes himself about it: he thinks of "the long swim to China" as another atonement, "another bit of voluptuous self-crucifixion." His proposal to Hannah, concerning her 97-year-old poet-grandfather, Nonno, is another inversion of death and life. Shannon, half-seriously, proposes a mercy killing to spare the old man the indignity of imminent eviction from a resort hotel to a seedy boarding house. At the same time, secure in the illusion that he is Christ-like, he will use the occasion to aggrandize himself. "Put some hemlock in his poppyseed tea tonight . . . and I will consecrate it, turn it to God's blood . . . I'll say, 'Take and drink this, the blood of our . . .'." Christopher also finds in euthanasia the opportunity to celebrate the theme that life is found in death. One day, swimming off a beach that he took to be deserted, he suddenly hears a cry from an old gentleman on the shore. "He called 'Help!' to me, as if he was in the water drowning, and I was on the shore." The supplicant begs Chris to help him get from life into death. Chris obliges, leading him out in the water. "Once he started to panic; I had to hold onto him tight as a lover till he got his courage back." Chris, the Angel of Death, finds his vocation in giving people what he alleges they need: the notion that life is fulfilled in death; that death has greater dignity than life.

Desperately lonely people populate Williams' plays. Val speaks for most of them when he laments: "We're all of us locked up tight inside our bodies. Sentenced you might say to solitary confinement inside our own skins." Parole is by way of sex: they regard sex as a means to salvation. They make love in order to interrupt loneliness. Some, like Blanche du Bois and Alma Winemiller, fail altogether to communicate with another human being: they stumble on *angst* and quail before the void. The sexual union which they fastidiously mistake for a more encompassing one destroys them. Some achieve rapport with another human being, but most of those who do, like Val and Chance, pay a terrifyingly high price for it. Sex leads to violent destruction and terrible punishment.

Still others, in order to overcome their guilt feelings about the act of copulation, fleck it with religious significance, and this leads to the fourth characteristic of Wil-

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liams' decadence. Shannon illustrates best this mixture of Eros and Agape. His behavior with complaisant young ladies takes one of two courses: either they begin with prayer and end up fornicating or vice versa—the reclining position turns to a kneeling position. In the one case, they pray for the strength to resist temptation; in the latter, they pray for forgiveness. In either case, the aftermath is the same: Shannon despises the lady almost as much as he despises himself. The intimate connection, viewed by him as "the coupling of beasts," does little to stanch his loneliness. His enjoyment of a woman is slight, because he sees the body as corrupt; nonetheless he pursues sensuality sadly and worships a sexy cross.

The "God is dead" slogan so relentlessly dramatized by Williams is actually sensational Protestant shorthand for theology as traditionally conceived is dead. The old theology, bedrocked on the belief that God is transcendent, *beyond* being, perished at the end of the last century. The opposing notion, that God is immanent, *in* being, has become the keystone of the new theology. In a multiplicity of dazzling ways, the plays of Tennessee Williams reflect the prevailing theology.

Traditional morality is breaking down in practice

NEW DIRECTIONS IN MORAL THEOLOGY

JAMES M. GUSTAFSON

A renewal, or at least a revision, of moral theology is taking place. The reasons for this are many. Traditional Christian morality is breaking down in practice. The laity more and more do not accept the authority of the Church on matters of detail in private life. The discipline of moral theology has come out of its traditional isolation from Biblical studies, dogmatic theology and ascetical theology. It is seen to have more kin besides canon law in the family of theological studies. The appropriation of a pastoral, rather than a juridical, image of the function of the Church modifies not only practice, but also theory. The more historical and dynamic notion of the people of God, in contrast with an ossified body of Christ, opens the way to taking historical change more seriously, and puts under question the high degree of immutability that has been assumed in morality as well as in theology. With the recovery of love and freedom as being close to the heart of the saving message of the gospel has come a rethinking of the place of law. Newer philosophical work has introduced conceptions of intersubjectivity and personhood, and the use of these concepts makes revision of the manualist moral theology necessary. The modern sciences of man have increased the awareness of the diversity and complexity of actual human life, and provided new data and new ways of understanding; these qualify the kinds of generalizations that traditionally have been made. The theology of grace provides a different background for the proper focus on the particular actions of men. No doubt many more factors are involved; many more reasons for renewal can be given.

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Various approaches to moral theology that are currently making their mark on the thinking and life of the Church stress different factors that I have suggested, or have combined factors in different ways. For example, in Bernard Häring's work, a Biblical theological theme of incarnation, perhaps Johannine in its source, is coupled with the Pauline emphasis on Christians being in Christ, and with an emphasis on the vocation of Christians to be the disciples of the one through whom their life and their newness of life have come. But more than this is involved; natural law is present, though in increasingly historical terms, and there are marks of the value theory of Max Scheler, and the personalism that prefers the language of response and responsibility, of fellowship and love.

For Gerard Gilleman, love is as central as it is for Häring, but he moves swiftly from recognizing its primacy in the New Testament to demonstrating that it was also primary in St. Thomas. Thus, it appears, one need not leave St. Thomas behind in order to renew moral theology. Available in a difficult English translation is Josef Fuch's argument that St. Paul's Letter to the Romans gives scriptural warrant for natural law, and that one can develop a theology of natural law that is grounded in a Biblical theology of grace. Robert Johann's essays are exploring the nature of human community, of personal existence, of authority, and of love in ways that are pregnant with implications for moral theology, though he has not made explicit what these are for both theology and morality.

William Van der Marck's recent book, *Toward a Christian Ethic,* makes its first move theologically; the Christian message is about God's creative and redeeming presence in the world. This gives him a theological warrant for stating that "human reality is the form of incar-

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nation and redemption brought about and taken on by God himself." Thus, by inference, "the human ethic is, in fact, Christian." The task of ethics, then, is to lay bare the fundamental structure of the human, remembering always that in a Christian perspective the human is also a partaking in the presence of God. In Van der Marck's work, the procedure couples the modern language of intersubjectivity with the traditional language of the virtues in such a way that his renewed moral theology has continuity with St. Thomas, and is grounded in the theology of God's gracious presence. The pivot on which the validity of his argument turns is nicely summarized by him: "Apart from [Christ] there is no humanity, and all humanity there can possibly be exists in him. In other words, there is nothing human that does not show forth the face of God, and it is the face of God himself that becomes visible to us in all that is human. Creation is seen to be incarnation—and redemption—and for this reason traditional dogmatics are 'christological.' Nature is seen to be grace . . ., and for this reason the traditional morals are 'christocentric.' "

All of these authors are engaged in "fundamental ethics," though some of them also move to the more practical concerns of particular moral judgments. They are all saying, in effect, that a rethinking, or at least a reformulation, of the basic structure of ethics is necessary. Van der Marck puts it this way: fundamental ethics is to moral ethos and activity as the science of linguistics is to the use of language. Unlike the linguistic scholars I know, however, moral theologians have a fundamental interest in moving back into the concrete and historical to effect change in that arena. In engaging in the task of fundamental ethics, all sorts of big questions are being raised: How is God known? What is the place of Scripture in moral theology? Is it revelation of God in the human? Is it a revealed morality? What is man? How is his nature to be understood? His actions? How does he come to know what he ought to be and to do? What ends or norms are proper? What new ways do we have to understand these? Authentic humanity? Growth in community?

This penchant for asking the big questions, incidentally, is in sharp contrast with a philosophical interest in morality that is widespread in the Anglo-Saxon world, namely a careful analysis of the uses of moral language. Theological moralists still like to ask what man's good is, rather than ask how the word good functions in various kinds of evaluative statements that men make. And the theological moralists have a proper concern here, for they are interested in giving positive direction to action, not only to how one can proceed to decide in such a way as to avoid logical mistakes. The closer, more inductive analysis of moral arguments and assertions would, however, yield some important clarifications that the big questions will not.

My principal interest here is to reflect on the most recent statement of fundamental moral theology, namely Van der Marck's book, which has as its subtitle, "A Renewal in Moral Theology." The brevity of this book is a constant source of frustration, for many major points are not developed in the detail that is necessary for a full understanding. There are several strands in the book that are woven together to fulfill the stated intention of indicating how a renewed moral theology can come into being. I have already indicated at least one of them. They can be lined out in the following terms:

Moral theology is to be christocentric. To be christocentric, however, is not to be preoccupied with the gospel narratives about the words and deeds of Jesus, nor is it to place at the center of ethics the vocation to discipleship to the one who is the center of those narratives. Rather, as I have noted, the significance of Christ is the revelation of God in humanity. This is, it should be noted, to stipulate what the primary significance of Scripture is for morality. It is also, again as noted, to give warrant to a task of understanding what man is, which in principle does not separate a particularly Christian ethics from human ethics. Let me call this the theological strand in the book.

This is followed in sequence by an anthropological strand; that is, there is an interpretation of what man is, what the character of his action is, which is both descriptive (at a high level of generality) and normative. "The very essence and nature of man is intersubjectivity." "Person *is* community." These *is* statements provide the norm for what man *ought* to be, though the language of ought is more implicit than explicit in the language of aims or ends. "The ultimate aim of man is none other than intersubjectivity, communication, community, a share in common humanity, love, justice . . ."

In addition to the emphasis on intersubjectivity, Van der Marck stresses "corporeity," and wishes to suggest that body and soul cannot be separated in the way in which they often have been in the past. "Now we are certainly not agreeing with any dualism which takes body and soul, or materiality and intersubjectivity, as two materially distinct realities . . ." Yet they are distinct in a certain sense: body indicates man as part of material reality, and soul (intersubjectivity) indicates his unique possibilities for love and understanding. Although he does not use the phenomenological concept of intentionality, it is imbedded in his discussion of man. What can be described as muscular movement or as brain-cell operation, is in its proper human reality (that is, in terms of intersubjectivity) to be described in terms of its intention. Van der Marck also wishes to overcome excessive stress on intellectual awareness with its consequent heavy demands for constant reflection; intersubjective relations include much more than the relations of which we are self-conscious.

Part of this anthropological strand is the idea of action. Van der Marck is critical of exaggerations of the capacities and potentialities of freedom. The limitations

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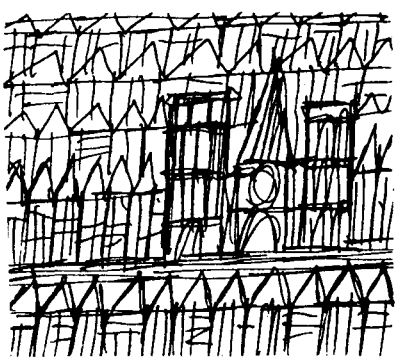
are both from within and from without. "Freedom does not consist in being able to design a world for oneself; rather it consists in being able to take up one's position for or against a world which, in a certain sense, is already designed and forces itself upon one." Thus the external limitation. Internally, free actions proceed from certain tendencies that are given to us as humans. The position would come under the general classification, sometimes used in Anglo-American discussions of the question, of "soft-determinism," in contrast with hard-determinism and libertarianism. In terms of phenomenological existentialism, one could say he has opted for a "situated freedom." Action, within these limitations, has "the aspect of proceeding from the individual concerned *as an individual,*" or sometimes he speaks of it as spontaneous.

There is a third strand of material in the book which functions in a somewhat complex way. Let me call it the Thomistic strand, if that term can be used not to refer to the "bad" Thomism of the nineteenth and twentieth-century manuals of moral theology. It is Thomist in these senses: Van der Marck uses traditional categories of *habi-*



us, virtus and *vitium* as a way of explicating man as the origins of his own actions; he uses the notion of infusion to relate what God does to what man does in the life of virtue; he explicates the issue of God as the origin of man's action through St. Thomas' sections on the New Law and the Old; and he includes some arguments about the proper interpretation of St. Thomas in the light of his historical context.

The function of this strand is complex, for the classical terms and passages are put to work to support the theological and anthropological strands in a way that fills the old wineskins with new wine, though some of the wine is newer than other. For examples, virtue is "authentic humanity," and vice is "deficient humanity." The end that is normative is not individual beatitude, but in keeping with the second strand, it is community. "The destiny of man's corporeity is communication, community and the sharing of common humanity." "It is this fulfilled corporeity that we term 'virtue,' 'authentic humanity,' and the like; the absence of it we qualify as 'vice,' 'lack of humanity,' and so on." Virtue, a classical term, designated as authentic humanity, a modern anthropological term, is woven together with the theological strand. While from one perspective, authentic humanity is a moral virtue, purely and simply "humanity shared in common with one's fellowmen," from another perspective it is a divine virtue, "essentially and primarily a partaking in God's own life in and through our humanity shared in common with our fellowmen."

The notion of infusion functions also to bring the strands together. Authentic humanity is qualified as something infused in man by God, since all human reality is brought into being by God. But infusion is used to refer to the "gift" character of authentic humanity—surely this is somewhat different from how St. Thomas used it. Virtue, as theological, "is pure divine gift—that is, simply infused." Hereditary sin, a traditional concept, "is simply a synonym for the innumerable descriptive expressions in scripture to the effect that human life is meaningless as long as it is lived in God's absence, far from the promised land, far from the holy city, far from the face of God." The gifts of the Holy Spirit are interpreted in terms of "the affirmation of the activity of God's Spirit in and through authentic humanity."

Like St. Thomas, Van der Marck interprets the New Law as the "law of the spirit"; its primary reference is to the grace of God. Woven with this theological strand, then, are natural law and human law. The particularity of the New Testament moral precepts is played down in importance. (Here, in my judgment, Van der Marck, who follows St. Thomas very closely in this discussion, does not take account of the New Law as precept sufficiently as I see it in *S.T.*, I-II, 108, 3.) Consistent with his theological strand, he stresses the "universality," and not the particularity of the New Testament message, and by virtue of this, "it is able to enliven and enlighten every particular and concrete determination of the natural law in the light of God's offer of salvation and of his saving appeal to man."

Van der Marck gives us an impressive, coherent and appealing outline of a fundamental Christian ethics. We know from some articles that he has written that the movement from this basic ethics to particular problems leads toward pastorally sound and charitable judgments on issues of contemporary concern. Different fundamental ethics can lead to similar judgments, and one can go at the task of developing fundamental ethics in a different way. Thus, one is prompted to ask in what ways are we dealing with "renewed" moral theology here. How radically revised is Van der Marck's work in comparison with the tradition?

I noted that Catholic ethicians continue to pursue the big questions, such as what the nature and essence of man is, and what his ultimate aim is. If I understand Van der Marck correctly, the fundamental structure of his ethics, looking particularly at the third strand, is still that of Aristotle and St. Thomas. My evidence for this would be that man is delineated in terms of an ultimate essence that provides also the end or aim of his existence. Virtue

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is consistence between what man actually is and what he essentially is. This wineskin is old. The new wine is provided by new language for understanding the concrete content of that essence and that end. Intersubjectivity, a notion developed by the existential phenomenologists, though not foreign to an Anglo-American tradition that would include such writers as John MacMurray, G. H. Mead and H. Richard Niebuhr, is the new wine. Authentic humanity functions within the traditional structure; it appears to be the potentiality that is perfected both with reference to act and to being. Thus, I would judge that the most basic pattern of the anthropology here is quite traditional, though the content with which it is filled is very modern.

There seem to be three possible reasons for working the ethics out this way. One would be that by doing it this way the boat is not being dangerously rocked. This we can rule out in Van der Marck's case. The second could be that it is important to maintain continuity with the tradition, or perhaps beter, fundamenal ethics moves along as a development of doctrine. The third could be that Van der Marck is persuaded that this structure is correct, that it is true. I suspect in his case that the latter is the most important, and that it is combined with the second. Thus, one access to a discussion with Van der Marck is open.

The Inductive Approach

His section on Man in which the language of intersubjectivity is introduced notably makes no references to other literature which also uses the term. I am not seeking to fault him in a pedantic way. But I wish to propose that one can come to the development of an idea like that from various data of experience, and that the idea can function in moral theology without moving toward essence and nature with the rapidity that Van der Marck does. There is a more inductive approach to understanding the characteristics of human life and human action that is satisfied with a lower level of generalization. It may well be that Van der Marck has developed his view through a procedure that is more inductive than his book reveals, but has left this out because it appears to be self-evident. But let me suggest some of the differences a less essentialist approach might make.

We might propose that one can begin to do fundamental ethics by asking what seem to be the characteristics of moral experience at a very concrete level. Since this is not the place to work out such a proposal in detail, I will focus simply on one part of moral experience, that is aims, ends, intentions toward ends. Most of us find that we have various aims that are often not in harmony with each other. Our choices are between conflicting aims. The ways in which we resolve these conflicts are complex. They may be governed in part by an ultimate intention to achieve something we might call authentic humanity, but unless we would assume that one intellectually and affectively intuits what authentic humanity calls for in a particular situation, that notion needs to be supplemented by many other things. Van der Marck would have no quarrel with this on the level of the practical decision. I wish to suggest, however, that the complexity of the practical experience has implications for fundamental ethics as well, and that too swift a move toward simple definitions of essence and nature might weaken the plausibility of a general theory. It might also render it less useful in orienting practice as one returns toward the concrete. "Theories of the middle range," as Robert Merton suggests for sociology, might also be more appropriate in ethical theory.

It is not that the questions that are raised by those who move toward the big picture are inappropriate. Rather, it is that there are other ways to account for what the big answers account for. E.g., what is action? It is that which proceeds from the individual as an individual. Yes, that might be an appropriate answer. But what are we referring to when we say "from the individual?" His id? His character? His motives? His will? His reflection? What are we referring to when we say "as an individual?" His "freedom?" His moral identity, however one accounts for that? The brevity of Van der Marck's book no doubt accounts for some of the lack of development of these things, but for some of us, to develop these things in greater detail is to make it impossible to move to generalizations about the essence and nature of man with ease.

Another access to discussion with Van der Marck is his theological strand. The theology of the gracious presence of God in the human not only gives warrant to explore the human as a theological task, but adds a contentful dimension to the human. Here I can only confess to a growing uneasiness with ways in which God and the human are presumed to be related, and the ways in which the divine is said to be apprehended in the human. Protestant theological ethics has a parallel issue. Its most cogent and influential form is that which Paul Lehmann has given it, that is that God is doing things in the world to make and keep human life human. This is easily vulgarized (as are all serious proposals) into an admonition reported to me by a student, who was told at a conference to "Get up in the morning, look out the window and see what God is doing, and get with it." If we discern the presence and doing of God by discerning the human, we are discerning the human as something normatively human, and not what actually is the case in the matter at hand. Unless we have a hard-determinism, what is the case is not the same as what God is doing; not every form of fellowship with man is fellowship with God unless "fellowship" with man is fellowship with God, let us honestly dispense with God, for purposes of ethics.

Many issues for theological ethics are imbedded in the all too brief observations made about the problem here.

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I will suggest only one that points to an alternative to Van der Marck's priorities. "The human ethic is in fact Christian." One would like to work long and hard on the senses in which that is, or could be the case. We have seen how it is the case for Van der Marck, though I have not analyzed the argument. Here I shall only suggest an alternative procedure, which would have to be defended theologically and in other ways in a fuller development. Faith that God is in some sense present and active in the human is mediated in complex ways through human intentions, attitudes, dispositions, perspectives and reflections toward moral action. Faith is given content by belief, and beliefs about (as well as in) God provide grounds for interpreting human events and experiences both in terms of their significance, and in terms of what they ought to move toward or to be. The process involved in moving from religious beliefs to normative directives for action is often covered by presumed inspiration of the spirit, by the insight of conscience, by intuition, or by an unpacked "therefore," which connects theological beliefs and moral imperatives. I cannot look out my window and see what God is doing, and get with it. But I can be oriented toward that world by my faith in God's presence, and by my beliefs about the God in whom I have faith. I can take the responsibility to think through how those beliefs do give direction to my action. Maybe all this is included in the shorthand of God's presence and God's action; if it is, the shorthand needs transcription.

One effect of this alternative way of working with reference to Van der Marck is that the human ethic and the Christian ethic cannot be in every case joined by a simple *is*. The revelation is not simply that of the divine in the human, but it has a particularity with which the Christian community has a particular historical continuity. This particularity is seen through the gospel narratives, as well as other parts of the New Testament. My vocation by virtue of attending to the beliefs and content of that revelation in its historical particularity is not to be anti-human, or super-human, to be sure. But it is to understand, interpret and act in the human situation as a disciple of Jesus Christ. In the brevity of this article, all that can be said is that one need not surrender a particularity in the moral life of the Christian community in order to be a participant in the life of a common humanity.

One hopes for more books like Van der Marck's which seriously explore alternative ways to revise or renew fundamental Christian ethics, and one looks forward to a more extensive treatment of the issues from him. Consensus in moral theology comes into being with reference to various aspects of the work, at various levels of the work. The more cogent explorations we have of the Biblical bases, of alternative philosophical procedures and claims, of alternative theological stances, of the relation of the sciences of man to the theory and practice of moral theology, the more likely we are to avoid exaggerations of relevant concerns which, when dogmatized, wreak havoc on thought and on moral life. Both fundamental ethics and practical moral theology require the best thinking that the Church can now provide, for perhaps ours is a time when the questions of morality surpass in importance the questions of dogma in the life of the human community.

FULL OF BEANS

THE STAGE

Happy Elizabethans! They could suspend their disbelief when Rosalind in boy's clothes fooled Orlando, or Mariana in no clothes passed for Isabella in Angelo's bed. Today, when hair-styles, clothes or bed partners no longer reveal anyone's sex, let alone identity, there is no more disbelief left to suspend. Thus what in *Twelfth Night* was fanciful, becomes in its current rock-musical adaptation, *Your Own Thing,* the soul of credibility.

The twins Sebastian and Viola lose each other in a real swinging shipwreck and are washed ashore on the seacoast of New York's bohemia. A rock-'n'-roll quartet, the Apocalypse, have lost their fourth member, Disease; Viola, in her very own boy's clothing, replaces him—except when Sebastian, unbeknown to all including himself, replaces *her*. They get tangled up in the moribund love affair of Orson, an agent, and Olivia, a discothèque-owner. Olivia has reached 30, the age of untrustworthiness, and hankers after youth: she lures Viola but is bedded with what turns out to be, to her immense relief, Sebastian. Orson falls for Viola, sweats out what seems to be his ungainsayable homosexuality, only to be saved at the eleventh hour by the revelation of Disease's, i.e., Viola's bosom.

The Apocalypse comments on the mix-up with songs that have the salt of wit and, when set to Shakespeare's lyrics, even the salt of tears. The pepper is supplied by a running commentary from a chorus of slide projections ranging from Arthur Godfrey to God, and including along the way "Duke" Wayne, Bogey, the Bard of Avon with his Virgin Queen, Pope Paul VI between Buddha and Christ. With appropriate tones and apposite mentalities, they proffer maxims and minims of wit and wisdom that I would not take down for fear of missing the next, and equally uproarious, one.

Donald Driver's book and staging are as apt as they are frolicsome, the freshets of bubbling irreverence never eroding the bedrock of humanity beneath. When the dialogue occasionally reverts to Shakespeare, the effect is exhilarating and never gross, as in Joseph Papp's current inane *Hamlet*; it proves an affectionate, lefthanded compliment to Shakespeare rather than a right to the jaw. The music and lyrics by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar are

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not the best of their kind (I preferred the ones in *Hair*), but they help break down the stupid resistance of the American musical to genuine innovation: if *Man of La Mancha* could hear them, it would drop dead, not once but twice. The technical aspects of the show are handled with great charm, and the cast is as talented and fetching as any I have encountered.

A special obeisance is in order here to Leland Palmer's Viola. As seemingly androgynous as her Christian name, Miss Palmer is indubitably the dream of any sex. Her astounded eyes are big enough to imbibe the entire world, and her acrobatic mouth, which can juggle large globes of sound, gives it back to us a lovelier and more resonant place to live in. Never has a more blithely disembodied spirit inhabited a more delicious and suitably disembodied body. Miss Palmer seems to be made of slenderest willow shoots on which the sun-red halo of her hair never quite sets; her limbs are possessed of an upward mobility undreamt of by our society; and when, at last, she half reveals a pair of enchanting breasts to prove her sex, the joy in heterosexual quarters can be matched only by the despair in the other camp.

Your Own Thing is youthful, tuneful, mirthful and generally full of beans. It is funny, but it is also observant. When a nurse reaches under the arms of Sebastian, whom she takes for a girl, she inquires, "Do we always wear our armpits Italian style?" The line is not only fun; that "we" and that "wear" also characterize the nurse in her phony empathy and genuine cynicism. Above all, the show is friskily contemporary in sound, look and outlook, with just enough squareness in it to protect you and me from suffering a seizure of acute obsolescence. (*At the Orpheum*)

While on the subject of uncovered bosoms, here are a few words about *Scuba Duba*, for which I hitherto always lacked the properly small space. A play that has to resort to baring completely the floor-length mammaries of a superannuated Cockney soubrette in order to garner laughs seems to be unsubtly begging for the milk of human kindness. Bruce Jay Friedman, the author, is a gifted fiction writer; here his satire is not only heavy but also childish.

Black humor about Jewish mothers, psychiatrists, brainless playgirls, French policemen and landladies, and, chiefly, about a liberal Jewish intellectual who loses all his liberalism when his wife runs off with a Negro, could, for all its datedness or peripheralness, have its validity. But it would have to be sharper, less obvious and more to the point. Not only is much of the hero's railing and wailing, self-aggrandizement and self-pity, old hat; it is also a hat that does not quite fit any head. So crassly are things exaggerated that no one need fear recognizing himself in any of it; so puerilely innocent are most of the would-be scabrous or anti-social digs that no one need be stirred into thinking.

Nearly all the wit is sweaty under the collar and does not believe in changing shirts. One feels not at an up-to-date show of black humor, but at an exhaustedly gasping '30s farce being given unsuccessful mouth-to-mouth respiration by the actors. Yet the audience comes, partly out of unshakable faith in Clive Barnes' and Walter Kerr's raves, partly to show how broadmindedly it can laugh at itself. But it is laughing at a bloodless travesty of itself—so that the joke, in quite another way, is still on the audience. (*At The New Theater*) JOHN SIMON

THE NAKED HUMAN

THE SCREEN

Returning to the idea that the proper study of mankind is man, movies are running the gamut this week from the sublime to the ridiculous. And much less ridiculous than one at first thinks is the science-fiction entry, "Planet of the Apes." The earth-time year is 3968 A.D.—I think. I'm a little vague about this because the opening scene within an American space ship has astronaut leader Charlton Heston recording and talking about their 2,000-year trip through time and space in a scientific jargon a little too deep for the likes of me. The space ship crashes in a lake on a seemingly barren planet; Heston and two other men survive; and then wander on and on over handsome, rocky, though lifeless, scenery. Then comes the shocker: the men are pursued by apes, who, it turns out, are the planet's top social order. These rather intelligent simians rule the planet, consider humans an inferior order, especially those primitive, animal-like men who run around in the woods, and ruin the crops. The apes, however, fail to distinguish between the three astronauts and the mute senseless backwoodsmen. Needless to say, they give our boys a hard time; Heston is the only one to survive—after one of his pals dies and is stuffed for a diorama, and the other becomes the victim of an experimental lobotomy.

Although I have not read Desmond Morris' new book, *The Naked Ape*, I've read and heard so much about it that I kept thinking of it as I saw "Planet of the Apes," especially during the scenes in which the simian scientists submit Heston to tests. It's pretty hard for man to retain any dignity when he's practically nude and on exhibition in a cage. But fortunately for Heston, a chimpanzee woman doctor (Kim Hunter) and an archaeologist (Roddy McDowell) discover that Heston can speak, read and write; and they are anxious to keep him alive for further study. But very much against them is one of the state chieftains (Maurice Evans) who has ulterior motives in wanting to get rid of Heston. The woman doctor is very advanced and actually believes that it is possible that apes could have descended from that order of humans.

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While "Planet of the Apes" has a first-rate cast and an outstanding production under Arthur P. Jacobs, the ape costumes and make-up, though excellent, keep us from recognizing the actors. Naked, or in rags or chains, Heston gives a good performance throughout. Linda Harrison, as the mute girl thrown into his cage as a possible mate, is very pretty. But all I can say for Evans, McDowell and Kim Hunter is that they are in good voice. Voices are important. Director Franklin J. Schaffner manges to get a lot of action into his picture, but more vital are the arguments between apes and man, and, as presented in the screenplay by Michael Wilson and Rod Serling (from the novel by Pierre Boulle) they are fascinating. Man does not always come out best. Surprisingly enough, the film has some good humor, thanks, among other things, to the script's putting clichés into the mouths of those apes who think they're so damn smart. The finale of "Planet of the Apes" will make your blood run cold. I can't remember when a science-fiction film like this socked you in the face at the end with a warning to mankind.

Another parable and tragedy, although more in the grand style, is "Doctor Faustus," the movie produced last year in Rome by Richard Burton and Richard McWhorter from the 1966 theatrical production staged at Oxford University. Although this "Faustus" is rather static as a film, Richard Burton is so good in the title role of the man whose passion for knowledge led to his downfall that people will attend just to see and *hear* him and will be richly rewarded. The movie has other assets not to be overlooked: the marvelous Christopher Marlowe lines, the beauteous presence of Elizabeth Taylor in several non-speaking parts (as Alexander's paramour, as Faustus' wife who turns ugly, and mainly, of course, as Helen, "the face that launch'd a thousand ships"), and the good players in the many smaller roles throughout the play. Directors Nevill Coghill and Burton strive valiantly to get action into their film and are most often successful in the pageantry scenes and in the imaginative staging. The handsome costumes and sets are shown to advantage in the fine color photography. Perhaps this "Faustus" is not a movie at all, but as a study of man destroyed by intellectual ambition, it is a gem, and a film to be valued by students.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

Anti-Victorians trapped in a Victorian age

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McGraw-Hill, $9.95

The Work of William Morris
PAUL THOMPSON
Viking, $10

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CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT
Harper & Row, $5.95

Charlotte Bronte: The Evolution of Genius
WINIFRED GERIN
Oxford Univ. Press, $12.50

MAISIE WARD

Anyone wanting to attack or ridicule the Victorian era commonly collects his ammunition from Victorians themselves. For never was there an age against whose spirit the greatest writers of the time were more vehemently opposed: its smugness, its hypocrisy, its cruelty, above all perhaps its dreary ugliness. Carlyle and Ruskin agreed that never before had a country lived in such systematic disobedience as did nineteenth-century England to the laws of its professed religion. Matthew Arnold saw the good men engaged in a night battle, not knowing friend from foe.

Enclosure of the common lands, multiplication of machines, had driven the dispossessed into crowded, unhealthy cities where the wages they could earn barely kept them from starvation. Many men died in the streets when work was slack; others, as Carlyle pointed out, barely subsisted on potatoes in workhouses established on the meanest and cruelest system conceivable.

"Liberty," said Mill and all this will work itself out. "Socialism," said William Morris who had discovered Karl Marx—and the Middle Ages. But on the whole the greatest of the Victorians, while crying to heaven about the ills of the Age, were far from explicit as to remedies. *The Making of Charles Dickens* shows us a man battling intensely against the workhouses, prisons and schools of the era but assuming the permanence of its underlying structure. The Scrooge of his *Christmas Carol* is a perfect parable, illustrating with fantasy what his longer books were spelling out in fact: men must be changed and thus changed will do what is necessary.

Yet Dickens achieved something specific too. There *were* improvements in the prisons and workhouses, many evil schools were driven out of existence, above all "the poor" were transformed in his pages into men and women at least as interesting as dukes or suburban neighbors. They were made *real* for the first time.

Dickens lived continuously in a whirl of social life. The Brontes reveal to us

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a solitude almost unimaginable today. The vast moors of Yorkshire, a tiny village, no single literate neighbors; they were the family of the local parson driven in upon itself. No one can ever have lived a more solitary life than Charlotte, as sister after sister died and her brother became a mental and physical wreck. Her father seems, like Carlyle, to have spent entire days without speaking; there was only the old servant for company and the dogs and the wide spaces of moorland which had meant almost everything to Emily. The visits to London, the period in Brussels, the few friends made at school, above all the school itself—what Charlotte's creative power made out of such scanty material is almost inconceivable. *Wuthering Heights* is great as sheer poetry, for Emily was, as her sister was not, a poet in prose as well as verse, but the strength and range of Charlotte's novels is amazing. And if Mr. Rochester lends himself to mockery (depicted by the satirist as carelessly tying the poker into knots), C. Heger is wholly alive, as are all Charlotte's women.

The position of woman—this is the heart of her message to the Victorian world. How shameful it was that for the single woman no career was open. Charlotte seldom touched the fate of the technically poor, but she is poignant on that of the gently bred girl left penniless, her awful fate as governess in a rich family where she is far less regarded than the cook, and is expected to control children whose parents openly despise her. The horrors of the "Charity" School, too, where Charlotte had picked up an education only to be destined for such a fate: all this pours out like white-hot lava. While tilting against what *was,* Charlotte offered no practical remedy, but, like Dickens, she forced her contemporaries to open their eyes and *look*. Jane Austen with her quieter note put the problem even better in *Pride and Prejudice*: "Without thinking highly either of men or of matrimony, marriage had always been her object; it was the only honourable provision for well-educated young women of small fortune, and however uncertain of giving happiness, must be their pleasantest preservative from want." But the note was *so* quiet, the situation of Mr. Collins' successful wooing so comic that it lacked the devastating effect of Charlotte's rage. She was surely the inspiration of the earliest women doctors and of those who fought successfully for a university education.

Both Dickens and Charlotte Bronte were lone fighters: the pre-Raphaelite movement was something else again, and we can see today more clearly than his contemporaries did the immense importance in that movement of William Morris. Both books on Morris, especially Henderson's, are richly illustrated, largely in color, a valuable asset in contemplating his work and its results.

It has been scored as a weakness in Rossetti that he attempted poetry as well as painting, but it was common enough in the nineteenth century and I doubt if any major poetry or painting was lost because of it. In Morris' case at least, his immense variety of talent was an enormous strength, and in its multiplicity amounted to genius, given especially what he was aiming at—the recreation of a lost way of life. With a gigantic do-it-yourself energy he created new dyes, wove tapestries and carpets, made furniture, tiles and stained glass, designed wall papers, painted murals, wrote poetry—and finally marched with the Socialists through the streets of London, endeavoring to get into prison with the poorer and more ragged who had no problem at all in achieving this end.

Morris, probably more than any of the other pre-Raphaelites, saw the movement as something for which he was prepared to offer sacrifice. For the others it represented a crusade to rescue art from the degraded state in which Ruskin had shown it to be plunged, to go back behind Raphael to the early medievals, to return to a more genuine and profound study of nature. But for Morris the crusade embraced in its object the whole of human living. He could in his freedom turn from weaving to painting, from painting to carpentry or to verse-making, and he spoke often, in the midst even of very deep trials and griefs, of being eager about his work, of its making joyful the major part of every day.

If men could live in small communities and work with their hands, they would, he believed, taste a happiness the world had lost—especially that majority of mankind tied to the machine, doing perhaps all day some tiny act over and over. The problem had yet to be faced of whether the machine, then so obviously man's enemy, could be made his friend or whether it must of its nature be a Frankenstein monster. Morris was a thoroughly unorthodox Socialist, and one cannot feel, looking at the illustrations in both these books, that he was a real medieval either. It is in a never, never land that his long-necked ladies are perpetually posing. His furniture is heavy and unfunctional, his wall-papers lovely to look at but far too busy to live with.

And Morris, with all his enthusiasms, remained at bottom as much of a Victorian as did Dickens and Charlotte Bronte with their rages. Morris was more important in the movement than his fellow pre-Raphaelites not only because his outlook was wider but also because he was the only one of them to possess inherited money. He spent freely on his schemes and was able to establish workshops whence his designs went forth—but to the moneyed world only, as they were of necessity highly priced. His biographer tells us that he only sold his inherited stocks when they began to fall. And he himself lamented that he was constantly "ministering to the Swinish luxury of the rich."

Tennyson's comment on Morris' socialism was "he's gone crazy," while the socialists had the gravest doubts of his orthodoxy. He lived to feel a profound disappointment: he was fighting a losing battle, largely for things the orthodox Socialist deemed unimportant: keeping the beautiful countryside of England, saving her old buildings not from decay only but from savagely destructive "restoration."

But there was a perpetual contradiction in his life and his ideals. The small communities he envisaged would be of equals: no servants he said—but he kept servants himself and one of them

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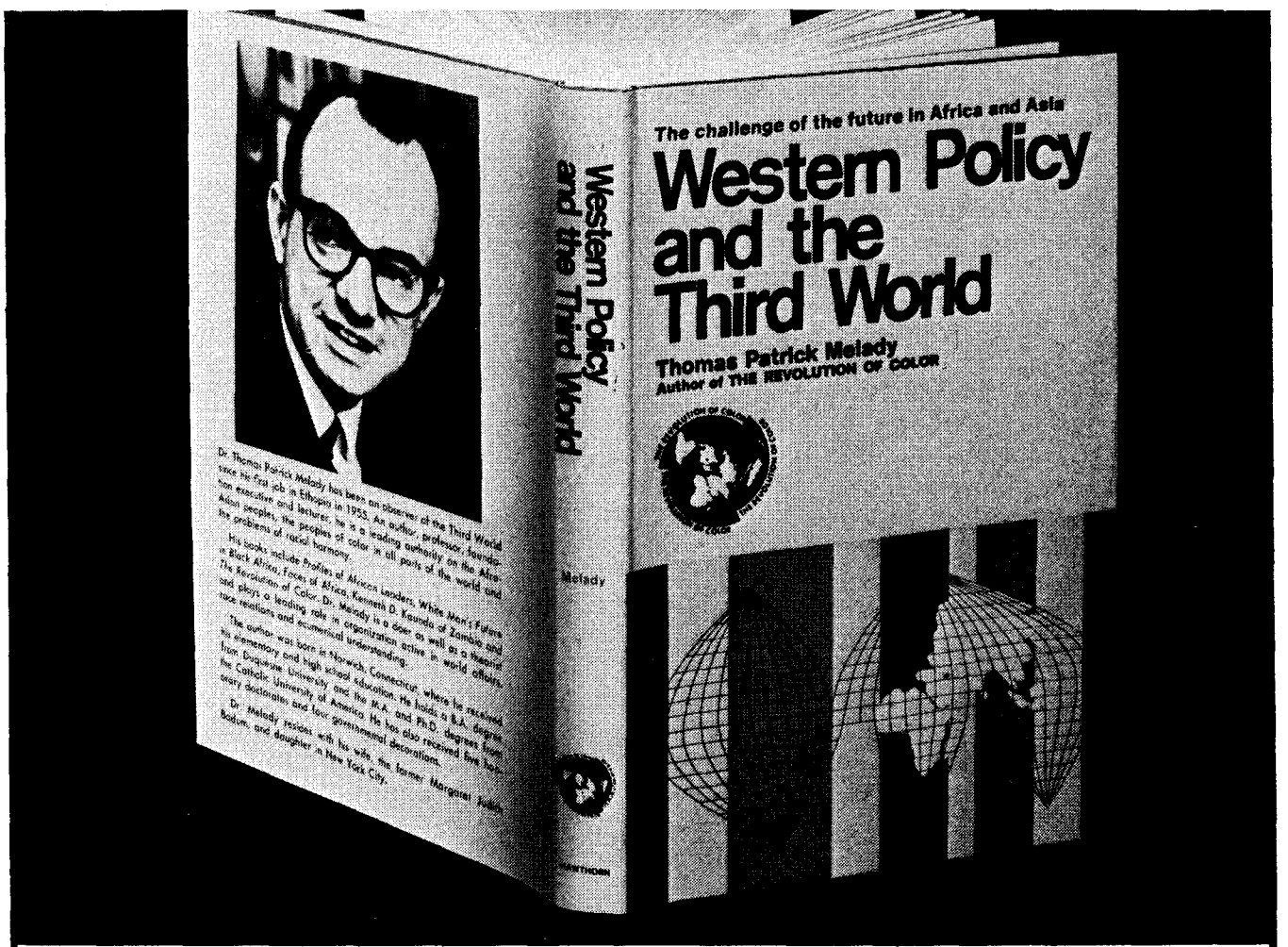
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told his biographer that when the house was filled with fellow artists the cleaning up after dinner at night lasted till eleven and her life seemed a "slavery." Yet Morris had made enormous sacrifices and the marching and speechifying, added to his laborious days, certainly shortened his life. Even if in some ways he lived like his fellow Victorians there were also immense differences. The workmen in his factory (if factory it may be called) felt them. His fellow socialists realized them. He and Ruskin were the two men who could remain independent through the extent of their dependence on a society abominated by both. Morris was comfortably off; Ruskin, after his parents' death, was rich. He spent the rest of his life devising creative ways of getting rid of his inherited wealth.

Perhaps they were all too deeply Victorian to affect their age. Perhaps the society they were living in had to be shaken more deeply, perhaps it could not be changed in structure but simply had to die before a new one could be born. They were trapped in their age as we are in the horrors of ours. The one thing we can learn from them is an unconquerable courage and an optimism which, often quenched, seems always to have arisen from its wet ashes. Convinced they could do everything, they did succeed in doing something.

The Sacred Canopy

PETER L. BERGER

Doubleday, $4.95

JEFFREY K. HADDEN

The past decade has seen a renaissance in the sociology of religion. While many scholars are contributing to this, Peter Berger has emerged as a particularly important figure. He writes in a concise and lucid style, a rare talent among sociologists, but does so without losing any of the cogency of his material. More impressively, he is almost unparalleled in his creativity. *The Sacred Canopy* brings together all of these virtues and is easily his most important book. Indeed, I think it the most important contribution to the sociology of religion since Max Weber's *Protestantism and the Spirit of Capitalism.*

Berger's central argument is that the demise of religion was built into the very structure and foundations of the Judeo-Christian tradition. The implications of this are far-reaching and many will attempt to dismiss Berger's work as "methodological atheism." But this kind of charge misses the point of objective intellectual inquiry and the significance of Berger's approach.

Berger begins with an illuminating exposition of the nature of man and society from the perspective of the sociology of knowledge. Here he is extending and applying the theoretical perspective developed in his earlier work, *The Social Construction of Reality* (co-authored with Thomas Luckmann). Human society, in this perspective, is a world-building enterprise involving a dialectical process by which man both creates and is a product of society. Names, or objective and subjective values, which are taken for granted, give

RECENT RELIGIOUS PAPERBACKS

The Meaning of the Death of God. Edited by Bernard Murchland. Vintage. $1.95. This was one of the first collections of critical articles on the "Death of God" debate; it still remains one of the best. W. Richard Comstock's masterful essay, "Theology After the 'Death of God'," alone makes the book worth having.

The Future of Belief Debate. Edited by Gregory Baum. Herder and Herder. $2.45. This is the first (and probably the last) book of essays in response to Leslie Dewart's book. It is a useful collection, though seriously marred by the absence of Michael Novak's sharp critique of Dewart which appeared in these pages. Perhaps it was considered too disrespectful, or too effective. In any case, the essays collected here do much to sustain Novak's point that Dewart's book is far more meaningful in a Scholastic than a secular context.

Primacy of the Person in the Church. Introd. James V. Cunningham. Fides. $1.95. This is an excellent little book, particularly because of Sister Aloysius Schaldenbrand's lead essay on the title subject, and because of the appearance, from out of some sociological underground, of Sally Whelan Cassidy with an interesting study of "The Changing Lay Leadership."

Jacob Boehme. By John Joseph Stoudt. Seabury. $2.75. Readers of Norman O. Brown, intrigued by his use of Jacob Boehme's theology, will find this a particularly illuminating book. Boehme was indeed an odd, but provocative and prophetic thinker. This book will help to find a way through the maze.

The Search for Meaning. By A. J. Ungersma. Westminster. $1.95. Viktor E. Frankl has become one of the more important of the existential psychoanalysts in recent years, and Ungersma's book helps explain why. Not only does it provide an analysis of Frankl and "logotherapy," but it also points toward a Christian anthropology which might undergird therapeutic theory.

The Living God and the Modern World. By Peter Hamilton. United Church Press. $2.95. Alfred North Whitehead is currently a hot name in the cool upper reaches of process theology. Hamilton's book attempts to create a Christian theology with Whitehead's philosophy as a basis; the result is worth reading.

The Theology of the Early Greek Philosophers. By Werner Jaeger. Oxford. $1.95. Jaeger's book, taken from his 1936 Gifford Lectures, is by now a classic. It is essential reading for anyone interested in the hotly-disputed problem of Hellenistic philosophy as it is raised, say, in Leslie Dewart's book *The Future of Belief.*

How Churches Fight Poverty. By Elma Greenwood. Friendship Press. $1.95. This is a survey of 60 local church efforts to take part in the war on poverty. It should be very useful background reading for other churches embarking on the same road, one all-too-little traveled so far.

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meaning to and legitimate social reality. But the meaningful order which man gives to human experience is, for a variety of reasons, inherently unstable. Man is able to resolve this inherent precariousness by moving outside of himself and establishing a sacred cosmos—an external legitimating force which will explain and justify the social order. In short, religion is able to "locate" human experience within a sacred cosmic frame of reference that is capable of imposing order and meaning on the ever-present threat of chaos.

But religion itself is also inherently precarious since it is the product of human experience and grows out of man's understanding of the plausible. Since man's understanding of the plausible can be altered by the experience of history, religious presuppositions are subject to change and reinterpretation. Some changes or reinterpretations may fall within the parameters of the plausibility structures, but others may set in motion change that will undercut the plausibility of a religious faith.

Applying this theoretical model, outlined all too sketchily here, Berger concludes that the Christian faith has been experiencing a serious devaluation of the plausibility of its basic legitimizing tenets. Secularization—the removal of society from the domination of religious symbols and institutions—has its origins in the Old Testament, but several historical developments have intensified the problem of maintaining plausibility. The rise of Protestantism was critical in this process; it divested the Christian faith of three of its most powerful concomitants of cosmic legitimacy—mystery, miracle, and magic. While not noted by Berger, his argument bears a striking parallel to Kornhauser's discussion of political elites and non-elites (in *Politics and Mass Society*). By stripping Christianity of mystery, miracle, and magic, Protestantism removed the intermediate relationships which are essential in insulating the elites (in this case God) from the non-elites. The direct access to the elite creates a maximum vulnerability to change.

At the same time, a rapidly changing economic-industrial order caused significant strains on established social statuses. The declining plausibility of the established religious order weakened its position to legitimize the traditional social order, which in turn paved the way for an accelerated pace of change in other orders. Berger pays less attention than he might to the importance of population growth and physical mobility in creating a pluralistic-secularized society, but this does not detract from the brilliance of his argument.

Today man is confronted with a "crisis of credibility" in religion. He lives in a world of many religions as well as other "reality-defining agencies," none of which has the power to impose its conception of reality on the world and demand man's allegiance. Religion has passed from the responsibility of the state to numerous voluntary associations which must compete in a marketplace for loyalty and adherence to doctrine. Ecumenicity is viewed by Berger as a cartelization; the number of com-

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peting institutions is reduced and the market is organized by mutual agreements.

What, then, is the future of religious institutions and how will the historic role of providing cosmic legitimacy to man's social reality be achieved? Berger at least implies an answer to the first question as follows: ". . . 'reality' becomes a 'private' affair of individuals, that is, loses the quality of self-evident intersubjective plausibility—thus one 'cannot really talk' about religion any more . . . religion no longer refers to the cosmos or to history, but to individual *Existenz* or psychology." Unfortunately, the second question is left virtually unexplored. But Peter Berger has a fertile mind and one would be surprised if he did not address himself to this troubling issue in another volume. Meanwhile, he has given sociologists, philosophers, historians, and theologians a great deal to ponder and assimilate into their respective world views.

In an appendix, Berger addresses himself to the relationship between sociological and theological perspectives. He argues that " . . . sociological theory must, by its own logic, view religion as a human project." But, he continues, " . . . to say that religion is a human projection does not logically preclude the possibility that the projected meanings may have an ultimate status independent of man." Lest these comments be interpreted as a comfortable "way out," the reader should remind himself that this does not fundamentally alter the "crisis of credibility" of the institution through which man has traditionally expressed his relationship to "ultimate reality."

A Garden of Earthly Delights

JOYCE CAROL OATES

Vanguard, $5.95

ROBERT EMMET LONG

At 29, Joyce Carol Oates has already gained recognition as one of the most talented young writers in this country. She has published two highly-praised volumes of short stories, *Upon the Sweeping Flood* and *At the North Gate,* and one previous novel, *With Shuddering Fall.* In *A Garden of Earthly Delights,* Miss Oates has attempted something very large indeed; for the novel spans a period of approximately 50 years and three generations of American life, and its grouping of characters is as extensive as the terrain that is covered before the novel locates itself in and around the town of Tintern, a less particularized region in the valley by the Eden river.

Miss Oates takes a chance also in writing of itinerant farm workers, of whose life she presumably knows nothing at first hand; her writing, however, has such energy that she convinces us there is nothing about their lives that she does not know. Particularly in the first of the three sections, the urgency of her prose is used for scenes of stark brutality and violence. The novel begins with a kind of senseless fury, as a truck, filled with migrant fruit pickers, collides with a car on a back country road; there is a nightmare vision of the Walpole mother, far-gone in pregnancy, clawing with her hands, beating upon the car, shouting oaths. Half an hour later, Clara Walpole is born into a world that is a garden of earthly delights only in grim irony.

This early section, violent with the inarticulate rage of frustrated will, ends with the flight of Clara, at 15, with a whiskey-runner named Lowry, and with the death of Clara's father, Carleton. It has the verbal shading of Faulkner, although his rhetoric is replaced by a less prominent prose. One thinks also of Faulkner in Miss Oates' interest in the psychology of rudimentary, even "mindless" characters; in the flow of impressions; in her sudden broken transitions. Later, made pregnant and deserted by Lowry, Clara becomes the mistress, and then the wife, of a propertied and well-to-do farmer, Curt Revere. Clara lives after that only to turn the Revere money and power into the hands of her son Swan (her son by Lowry, but whom Revere believes to be his own son). This final struggle of Clara, child of the dis-

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possessed, ends inevitably in disaster.

It has been said of *A Garden of Earthly Delights* that in its sense of solid social and material realities, it is written in the tradition of Dreiser. But its antecedents seem to me to be more gothic than naturalistic. It is lighted by a somber and inexplicable fate; and its characters are beyond the reach of our perfect sympathy, as if they were actors, at some remove from us, in a sinister modern allegory. The dying Carleton, practically blinded by frustration, wanders into a church, presided over apparently by an insane God; Clara's garden, her own sexual desirability, seems part of a flowering evil. There are even muted meanings in landscape and names—the Eden river, for example, and the town of Tintern, with its echoes of a Wordsworthian lost innocence.

The novel finally falters, perhaps because Miss Oates conceives of her characters as embodiments of a metaphysical idea. About half way through, the characters become less strongly imagined. Clara loses the mystery and unpredictability which she had had previously, and becomes a mere instrument of overreaching and revenge. The transition is not really convincing, and she seems too simply an atavistic throwback to her father, as Swan is to Lowry. Swan is, in fact, the most externally conceived character in the book, and the shooting scene in which he figures at the end is contrived and melodramatic—as forced as the irony in the last pages where Clara is removed as human wreckage to a nursing home. *A Garden of Earthly Delights* begins powerfully, but its concluding nightmare is not more frightening than a few familiar fireside ghosts.

Yeats' Blessings on von Hügel

MARTIN GREEN

W. W. Norton, $7.95

JOHN RATTÉ

Martin Green is a Catholic and a literary man in search of what would once, I suppose, have been called a *via media*. But to have a *via media* you have to have two things to go between, and Mr. Green is seeking both to avoid and borrow from several distinctive elements in modern literary, critical, and social thought. He is unhappy with the "reaction into irrationalism" for which Yeats is the major symbol (along with Rilke), because it exalts an extreme individualism of sensibility; yet he admires the product of the artist's search for reality in charade.

He is displeased with the "anti-humanist sensibility" of the "Catholic writers"—Mauriac and Green in France, J. F. Powers and Flannery O'Connor in America, and Greene and Waugh in England: he rejects their opposition of grace to nature, and yet he cannot quite separate the difficulties Catholicism makes for Catholic writers, and those they make for themselves. He is of two minds about New Left religion (typified here by Brian Wicker's *Culture and Liturgy*), admiring its triumph over the excessive individualism of baroque and bourgeois Catholicism, fearing its tendency to submerge the man of letters in the "activist, somewhat secular, and above all communal religion" advocated by the men of *Slant*.

In one mood, that of the professional "literary man" writing for the *Kenyon Review*, he is full of praise for the morally bad, aesthetically good art of *Lolita*; but then he regains his sense of social responsibility and seems to opt for a different "art of the future": not that of the Symbolists (here he includes Pasternak) but that of Tolstoi, Gorky and Sholokhov. At times he seems to be arguing that the whole Western tradition is Symbolist: but then he finds in figures like D. H. Lawrence a healthy blending of the private and the social, the aesthetic and the moral, elements: and Lawrence is not seen alone, but in the company of George Eliot, E. M. Forster and Lionel Trilling.

Yet there is a principle of opposition whereby the variety of men and books discussed and compared by Mr. Green can be ordered. (I might add at this point that new critics and sons of new critics should not touch this book lest they choke with rage and expire forth-

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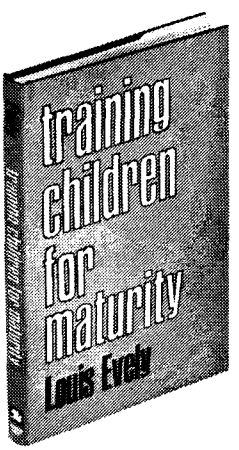

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with in the face of its outrageous search for relevance, its relentlessly personal tone, its stylistic unevenness, and its surrealistic pyramiding of positive and negative comparisons, which achieves a Daliesque climax when Baron von Hügel is juxtaposed with, for heaven's sake, Clifford Chatterley.) If one built a model for the discussion, one would have at one pole totalitarian social and moral commitment, (Communism and Roman Catholicism of the old lockstep bourgeois infantile style) and at the other pole Symbolist literature (Yeats, etc.). Somewhere in between one would locate the liberal humanist Christian tradition for which von Hügel is the archetypal figure, and Romano Guardini a successor.

Green wants to rescue von Hügel from the fate of being "a character in a poem by Yeats." Yeats took the Baron as the figure of religion, and sent him away with the blessings of art, saying "Homer is my example and his unchristened art." Green argues (with an intensity born of the fact that von Hügel played a large role in his conversion to Catholicism) for the Baron as an answer to the modern literary substitution of poetry for religion: as the exponent of miracle-free and "costing" Christian faith, undertaken as a deliberate civilization-building task of both body and intellect. Von Hügel said: "I am the work of religion." Green says: "If we don't admire von Hügel, I don't see how we can sincerely admire half the heroes of history and culture."

The trouble is, it's too much of a burden for the Baron to bear. It's a very acquired taste, the von Hügel style: even if much can be said for von Hügel as a semi-Modernist model for the post-Vatican II modernizer, he simply isn't enough of a literary figure to stand up to the whole seductively talented Symbolist team, much less that other beard, Lawrence—not even with George Eliot for a partner. I very much admire Mr. Green's search for a usable Catholic past: one of the great dangers of the current dismantling of cultural Catholicism is that when we are done there will be nothing left. But in the short connecting essays which link the set pieces of the book, and in which the central argument is developed, Green himself admits that von Hügel was not able to revive the kind of humanism he inherited from the nineteenth century, and that Catholic culture was not able to rescue itself from the pessimism, medievalism, and hatred of the body into which it sunk once accommodation with liberalism was rejected by both parties.

But the virtue of this very curious, very rewarding book does not depend on the author's version of von Hügel, or even on the appropriateness of the blurring of historical and imaginative figures which goes on in many of the essays, but on the ambivalence of the relationship between religion and literature which it reveals and cannot resolve. For at the end Green has to admit that "neither Catholicism nor traditional moral wisdom have ever begun to compete with Lawrence or Yeats" in their power to deal with the realities of human nature in its modern dress. Thus Lawrence has taught us more than von Hügel and Guardini: thus the intelligent members of the Church continue "to read their fiction more attentively, more seriously, than they listen to their sermons." By his own (albeit implicit) admission, the effort to counteract the ultimately nihilistic attraction of modern aestheticsm must itself be couched in critical, and not religious, terms, if it is true, as Lawrence argued, that "one's nature, and its fulfillment, are moral and spiritual values which stand in opposition to traditional Christian teaching."

Of course, things need not be so. But if there is to be an alliance between the gospel and modern sensibility, it will call for a revolution in social categories more far-reaching than anything the good Baron would have ventured in his efforts to "civilize spirituality." It may even come from a synthesis of those slowly reforming totalitarianisms, "the Catholic and Communist heresies."

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JOHN RATTE teaches in the history department at Amherst.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 609)

magazine and not encounter anything contrary to their thinking on the Viet Nam war, but such is to be expected when you broaden your editorial policy to publish both sides of an issue.

I am particularly grateful to see Mr. Shannon's placing of napalm within the general context of war. Granted, napalm kills, maims, burns and tortures its victims; granted, the use of napalm is a tremendous evil. However, the same can be said of any of the means of warfare, starting with pointed sticks and thrown rocks down to the most awesome thermonuclear weapons. The argument from sentiment eventually condemns all

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war. The only problem is that is does not solve the problem of the evil inheriting the earth. For, unless we are to deny free will under the guise of love and personalism, we must allow for the possibility that man, even when in authority, can work for his own and/or his country's unlimited power and glory. If the advocates of pacifism can solve this problem without recourse to the right of national self-defense, I may be won to their camp. TIMOTHY J. ROLFE

Peekskill, N.Y.

To the Editor: Re: William V. Shannon's article, "Strategy and Morality": . . . When other nations attempted to use force to safeguard their interests (and France and England had far more rights to the Suez Canal that we have in Vietnam), we cited the U.N. rules they must observe. When, however, "Communists" in their own country try to overthrow a regime in their country that we installed and support, and subvert an agreement that stopped the fighting once, we have the right to use the military force we denied to Britain and France, and conveniently forget that we once said that the United Nations alone is charged with the responsibility of securing the peace throughout the world.

This is the fundamental moral issue concerning Vietnam and elsewhere. Most people in the world will not accept this double standard with its resultant immorality and unfairness, nor will many Americans. Much of our specific immoral actions stem from this basic violation of morality and justice.

Mr. Shannon seeks to obscure when he talks of moral arguments about the U.S. deranging the culture of Vietnam. The arguments are directed at killing people under circumstances in which we do not have a shred of justification to be in their country at all, much less to kill them. . . . ERNEST G. MARQUIS

A New McCarthy?

Atlanta, Ga.

To the Editors: As one who was for three years a student in the late forties of Senator Eugene McCarthy, then an instructor of Sociology and Economics at St. Thomas College, St. Paul, and who got to know him fairly well outside of class, I could scarcely recognize the then Professor McCarthy in the Cartesian Intellect portrayed by Jack Newfield ("A Man for this Season?" Dec. 29). The consistent lessons that we drew from his teachings and example were those of social justice and compassion for the poor and oppressed. It was he who introduced us to Dorothy Day and *The Catholic Worker*, while in his lectures he spoke far more of Marx and Tawney than he did of Aquinas or Thomas More.

Can he have changed all that much in twenty years? His over-all record in Washington and his present, unprecedented course of action would seem to

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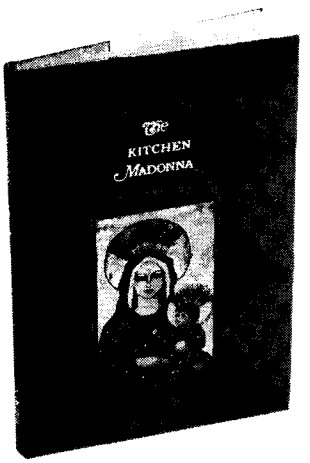

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argue persuasively against such a notion.

ARTHUR R. EVANS, JR.

Reply on Gaza

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: . . . The John H. Davis letter in your issue of Jan. 19 is a typical example of distortion. . . . It has not been proved that Israel attacked refugee camps and Davis' charge must stand condemned. Then there is the charge that Israel permits Arabs to leave but does not allow their return. The report in the New York *Times*, cabled by James Feron (Jan. 14), indicates that there is a free movement of Arabs who are enabled to conduct business between Jordan and Israel and that 100 to 150 trucks travel back and forth freely.

A recent statement by an East Jerusalemite, Dr. Shawki J. Kubleh, M. Sc., M. Ch., charges that Arabs are kept in the dark about Israel and states, as a refugee himself, that the "guilt about the refugees" is muddled.

If there is to be peace there must be *truth*, and Davis has not stated it. What he wrote, as an UNRWA former employee, only proves that UNRWA was packed with Arab employees who were anti-Israel. UNRWA did not employ a single Jew in the Arab refugee areas.

PHILIP SLOMOVITZ
The Jewish News

Screening the War

Reading, Pa.

To the Editors: The abortion of the Riots Commission (Jan. 12) helps unmask a hidden motive in its formation: convenient verbal escape from the rudely upthrust ghetto realities . . . Vietnam has, of course, helped cultivate many subtle habits of evasion, and your picture of the napalm victims is the more shocking because of the absence of these facts in other information media. The general press adroitly carries on its keyhole screening of the war, and affects journalistic integrity by, for example, detailing the mutilation of several lifeless North Vietnamese bodies—an isolated and war-feverish brutality of several untypical American soldiers. Focus on such morbid but essentially sterile incidents helps obscure the calculated violence and profound psychosis that characterize the American war policy, facts almost unbearably exposed in the maimed living faces of U. S. bombing victims. Similarly, NBC has taken care that Bob Hope's latest tour does not show us what is really left of life in U. S. hospital wards.

Such evasion is necessary, since war (as racism) can ill-afford true attention to the suffering it inflicts. JOHN LANGAN

Napalm

Golden, Colo.

To the Editors: The article on napalm (Jan. 12) states that "the temperature of a napalm flame will vary with environmental conditions, but can approach 2060°C." I'm not certain what "can approach" means, but the following may indicate the significance of that temperature. 2060° Centigrade is equivalent to 3767° Fahrenheit. Iron carbide (steel) melts at 3339°F; iron at 2795°F. The temperature of lava flows from volcanos ranges between 1380°F and 2000°F. The solder used in a television set melts at only 420°F. MICHAEL DALY
Colorado School of Mines

Students and Death

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: Reading John McMahon's revealing article "Catholic Students Look at Death" (Jan. 26) makes me realize that modern biology may permit a reinterpretation of the idea of immorality. If the traditional Catholic teaching is all Greek to many students, this may be because it is all Greek. It seems to have been borrowed whole from Plato and Aristotle and to bear little resemblance to the promise of resurrection which is the heart of the Christian "good news." But we have been unable to conceive of resurrection without a separable soul which exists somehow between death and resurrection. How could my identity be given existence again once it had ceased to be? A tentative answer might be given by molecular biology. My memory and consciousness would be based on the inter-

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connections of the neurons in my brain and on the DNA, RNA, and protein patterns within the individual nerve cells. The atoms within these molecules may be replaced without breaking the patterns. Of course, the patterns themselves change in some directions as a result of my experience and my actions. Resurrection would be the reconstitution of these patterns by God, and thereby the restoration of my identity. Thus immorality and the corporeality of human life would not be at odds with one another.

Such an explanation would require a new exegesis of some texts, but this need be no more tortured than our present exegesis of the many texts which say that Christian love leads to eternal life and sin leads to eternal death. We might also look again at the text which seems to deny that marriage relationships continue in heaven. This was given in answer to a question which emphasized the exclusiveness of the marriage bond. The answer may only mean that the woman in question could be wife to all seven brothers in heaven.

I offer these various suggestions very tentatively in hopes of promoting some helpful dialog about immortality. If students can conceive of a God of love without conceiving of a life after death, this may be because they haven't yet seen enough of the people whom life has dealt a dirty deal. The idea of immortality stems from the idea of fairness. What Christ came to tell us is that it is not only a dream but a fact. When you face an incident like that recounted by Ivan in "The Brothers Karamasov," in which a feudal master sets his dogs upon a little boy, then you are forced to conclude either that God does not exist or that immortality does exist. There are numberless people who seem at the moment to belong to the wrong race, the wrong nation, the wrong neighborhood. To say that they are all God's children and He loves them all would be a mockery if death were the end of everything. But it would be equally mocking for us to claim that we are God's children if we do not make every effort to actualize God's love for all his children right here and now.

JULIAN R. PLEASANTS

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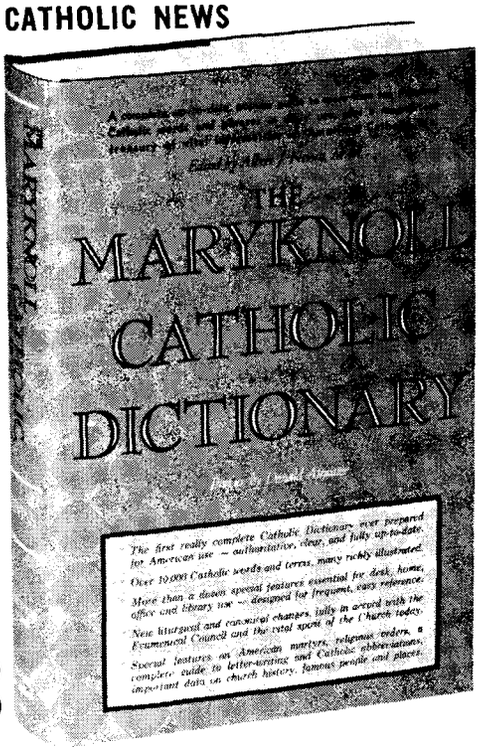

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